THE BETHEL NEWS,
Published Every Wednesday by
A. D. ELLINGWOOD, Proprietor,
Bethel, Me.

TERMS: $1.25 per year, payable in advance.

Entered in Bethel, Me. Post-Office as Second Class matter.

SINGLE COPIES OF THE NEWS.

Single copies of the News are three cents each. For convenience of patrons single copies of each issue for sale at the following places.

Bethel. Wiley's Drug Store.
South Paris. Shurtleff's Drug Store.
Norway. Stone's Drug Store.
Rumford Falls. C. Clifford.

BETHEL DIRECTORY

ARRANGEMENT OF MAILS.

Mails Close.

GOING EAST, 9.00 a. m. 3. p. m. Closed mail for Portland and all points beyond 3 15 p. m.
GOING WEST, 10.00 a. m. 4.15 p. m For Albany 4.30 p. m. For Lakeside and intermediate offices. 7.45 a. m.

Mails Arrive.

FROM EAST 11.00 a. m. 4.45 p. m. From Portland and points beyond 7. a. m.
FROM WEST 7. a. m. 10. a. m. From Albany 3.15 p. m. From Lakeside and Intermediate offices 2.30 p. m.
OFFICE HOURS; 7 a. m., to 8 30 p. m., Sundays 12 M to 12.30 p. m., 5 to 6.30 p. m.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street.

Pastor, Rev. A. Hamilton, Residence, Main Street.

SABBATH SERVICE, Preaching 10.45 a. m., Sunday School 12 m., Epworth League Devotional Service, 6.15 p m., Gospel Meeting, 7.00 P. M.

MONDAY, Epworth League business and literary Meeting first Monday in each Month.

TUESDAY Class Meeting at 7.30.

WEDNESDAY, Ladies' Circle first and third Wednesday evening of each month.

FRIDAY, Prayer meeting 7.30.

SATURDAY, Junior League 2.30 p. m.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH,

Rev. F. E. Barton. Pastor. Residence next door to church.
SABBATH SERVICES; Preaching 10.45 a. m.; Sunday School 12 M.; Y. P. C. U. 7.00 p m

CONGREGATIONALIST CHURCH.

Rev. Israel Jordan Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES; Preaching 10.45 a. m.; Sunday School 12 m.; Y. P. S. C. E. 6.00 p. m.; Prayer Meeting 7.00 p. m.; Wednesday Eve'g Prayer Meeting 7.30 p. m

MIDDLE INTERVALE BAPTIST CHURCH.

SABBATH SERVICE, Preaching at 10 30 by Mr. Geo. F. Green; Sunday School 12 m. C. E. S. at 4 p. m. Wednesday. Social service 4 p. m.

SOCIETIES.

ODD FELLOWS.

MOUNT ABRAM LODGE NO. 31. Meetings: Saturday evening each week. Officers:—N. G., G. G. Kimball V. G., E. E. Shaw Per. Sec'y, Henry Farwell. Rec. Sec'y. C. C. Bryant, Treas. S. I. French.
Trustees. { C. Bisbee, G. A. Burbank, Charles Mason.

SUNSET REBEKAH LODGE, No. 64, meet 1st and 3rd Monday at I. O. O. F. Hall.—Officers; N. G., Anna French; V. G., Minnie Frost; F. Sec., Marcia Hastings; R. Sec., Jennie Gibson Treas. Ellen Burbank; War., Marcia York; R. S. N. G., Susie Frost; L. S. N. G., Ava Finney; R. S. V. G., Eva Barker; L. S. V. G., Ella Bryant; Chap., Jennie Philbrook; I. G., Lydia Parker; O. G., T. E. Kendall. Con. M. Gibson.

MASONIC.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 97., Reg. Com., 2d Thursday every month., E. S. Kilborn, Master, A. W. Grover, S. W., J. H. Barrows, J. W. M. W. Chandler, Treas., J. C. Billings, Sec.

OXFORD R. A. C. No. 29., Stated Convocation 3d Thursday, every month, D. G. Lovejoy; Z. P., L. T. Barker, K., Chas Mason, S., J. C. Billings, C. H., J. A. Morton, P. S., N. E. Richardson, R. A. C., M. W. Chandler, Sec., E. S. Kilborn, Treas.

GRAND ARMY.

BROWN POST, No 84, A. H. Hutchinson P. C., A. M. True Adj't. Stated meetings first and third Tuesday evening each month.

THE W. R. C. Meet first and third Tuesday evening, of each month, Mrs. Mary Bean, President, Mrs. Cyrene Littlehale, Sec

UNITED ORDER OF THE GOLDEN CROSS.

GRAND VIEW COMMANDERY, No. 48. meets 2nd and 4th Monday evenings at 7.30., J. H. Barrows, Noble Commander., Mrs. Carrie Atwo. Vice., Fannie Bisbee. Rob. Keeper of Records., Mrs. Sophronia W. Grover, Financial Keeper of Rec. Calvin Bisbee Worthy Treas. Dr. J. A. Morton, Worthy Pastor, T. H. Durell, Worthy Herald.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS.

HELPING HAND LODGE No. 227, meet every Thursday evening at Ladies Relief Corps Hall.—Officers; Chief Templar, F. W. Barker, Vice Templar, Mrs. C. O. Foster, Secretary, Marion Chandler; Financial secretary, Edith Abbott; Treasurer, E. A. Barker. Chaplain, Florence Abbott; Marshal, Fred Farwell, D. M. Frank Leach. Guard, Sadie Abbott. Sentinel, C. V. Stowell; L. D., A. H. Hutchinson.

UNITED ORDER OF PILGRIM FATHERS

SUDBURY COL., No. 50; John B. Chapman, Gov; E. C. Park, Secy; E. S. Kilborn, Treas. M. W. Chandler, collector.

BETHEL CORNET BAND.

E. H. Young, Leader.

Meets every Friday Night.

A. S. Kimball. }
M. L. Kimball. }

KIMBALL & SON,
Attorneys at Law,
NORWAY, - - MAINE,
All business will receive prompt and careful attention.

GODDARD BRO'S
— Dealers in —
BURIAL CASKETS.
Black and white cloth covers, a specialty. Embalming done where desired.
BETHEL, - - MAINE.

WANTS, LOST, ETC.
Notices under this head inserted one week for 25 cents. Three weeks for 50 cents.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.
A House on High street. 7 rooms. Inquire of
J. B. Chapman.

Tax Collectors should send to the News office for samples of Tax Receipts
SEE OUR PRICES!
500, $1.25, postpaid
1,000, $1.75, "
GOOD TOUGH PAPER.
Address NEWS OFFICE, Bethel, Me.

LovejoyHouse,
W. F. Lovejoy & Son, Pro'ps,
BETHEL HILL, - - - MAINE.
This popular house has been repaired since last season, the stable and outer buildings have been moved to the rear of the house, thus leaving the view of the Mountains unobstructed. Parties wanting a quiet summer home will find this one of the most desirable places in the Mountain region.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed executor of the estate of GEO. P. KIMBALL late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.
April 21st, 1896,
GEO. F. KIMBALL.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CUTS in this paper were made from PHOTOGRAPHS by *Irving Kimball*. His studio is Main Street. That is where every body goes to have their pictures taken.

RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION.

The Bethel News.

EXTRA!
PRICE TEN CENTS.
Send a copy to Your Friends.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

$1.25 Per Year, in advance. BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1896. Vol. II. No. 2.

NEWS ABOUT HOME.

What our People are doing. Items of Interest, etc.

"A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

A TELEGRAM.

The following telegram of congratulation was received this morning from Mr. Samuel Faulkner of Chicago, a prominent business man who spent last summer in our village and greatly admired its beauties and advantages:

As Chapman brook to the 'Scoggin flows.
The 'Scoggin to the sea—
So Bethel's name and Bethel's fame
Shall spread eternally.

Prof. G. A. Robertson of Augusta is in town.

Many former Bethel people are visiting friends.

Judge Whitman was the guest of Col. Edwards while in Bethel.

The friends of Harvey Philbrook regret to learn of his continued illness.

Mrs. Ellingwood, *nee* Flora Richardson, is visiting her parents on Church street.

Capt. R. B. Grover and wife of Brockton, Mass., are here to attend the Celebration.

Charles Thurston, son of Brown Thurston of Portland, has been in Bethel since Saturday.

A meeting of the "Charmed Circle" at the M. E. church Thursday evening of this week.

Mrs. Lovejoy and Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding of Lancaster, N. H., are guests at E. E. Whitney's.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Rowe with several friends, arrived at their summer home on Broad street, Monday.

Will Philbrook and wife of Greendale, Mass., have been visiting Mr. Philbrook's parents for a few days.

Mrs. O. J. Coffin and daughter Annis, from Milan, N. H., have been stopping with Mrs. Gray for a week.

Mr. L. A. Young who has for the past twelve years been engaged in the ship knee business in Bethel, is here from Auburn.

The friends of Mr. C. E. Bisbee are pleased to learn that the critical point in his fever has been favorably passed.

Children's Day will be observed at the M. E. church Sunday, June 21st. A concert will be given in the evening, entitled, "Our Young Crusaders."

The family of Wm. Merrill have the sympathy of the community in their recent bereavement. Died, Saturday evening, June 6, Carrie, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Merrill, aged 17 years. Only a few months ago she was in her place in school and the Epworth League. Always patient and cheerful she cheerfully and trustingly heard the Masters "come unto me".

The friends of Mrs. John Philbrook wish her a speedy recovery from the accident which befell her Thursday evening. Coming from the basement she fainted, but fortunately the lamp she held in her hand did not break, or a more serious accident would have occurred. She soon by her cries aroused Miss Stowell, who had gone to her room, and the patient was soon made as comfortable as possible.

Memorial day at Bethel was observed with unusual interest. Squads of Brown Post, G. A. R., visited the different cemeteries and strewed flowers and placed flags upon the graves of dead comrades. Adjutant True took a chorus from Gould's Academy to West Bethel in the forenoon. In the afternoon Evergreen cemetery was visited and the graves decorated. In the evening Odeon Hall was comfortably filled, Miss Lillian True presided at the piano, Mr. Fred Allen accompanied with the cornet, and Mrs. Gehring had direction of the musical department. The children from the village schools sang patriotic songs, also the chorus from Gould's Academy and a select chorus of ten ladies rendered music appropriate for the occasion. It is needless to say that with Mrs. Gehring as director, the music was of a high order of excellence. Rev. A. Hamilton offered prayer, Commander Hutchinson made some patriotic remarks, Miss Joan Stearns, a graduate of Gould's Academy, Miss Alice Carter and Martin Fenwick Holmes recited some patriotic selections. Judge Woodbury gave an address of thirty minutes, replete with patriotic sentiments, and was followed by Hon A. E. Herrick, who urged the most strict observance of the day and counselled the necessity of cultivating a spirit of patriotism in the home, the school, and the press.

Oh, by the way, we nearly forgot to say a word for the NEWS, but after you look this number over, if you think you would like to subscribe for a year, drop in before you leave town and hand us your "token of appreciation," $1.25 We might add that the most of the last year's subscriptions have expired, and this would be a pretty good time to renew.

Alton W. Leonard and wife, from Brockton, Mass., are visiting their uncle, A. A. Parker, on Railroad St.

Thursday, delegates from the Universalist church went to Auburn to attend the annual convention.

Will Philbrook and family are visiting Mr. Philbrook's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Philbrook. Mr. and Mrs. Philbrook were called from their home in Worcester to Shelburne, N. H., by the sudden death of Mrs. Philbrook's father, Mr. Lary.

Sunday evening, Judge Whitman, of Norway, delivered a temperance address under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. He spoke of the fitness of closing the last Sabbath of the century with one of the great moral questions which confront us today. A deserved and loving tribute was paid to the loyal sons of Bethel, who met duty so faithfully when the war cloud hung over our country.

One plucky woman in Bethel has the spirit of her ancestors, and refused taxation without representation. She took her hat and presented herself to the highway surveyor to work out her highway tax. She very wittily remarked that when she got tired she could lean on her hoe handle the same as the men. She worked until the surveyor marked out her tax, and passes down to history at the close of the century as one of the women of Bethel who still possesses the spirit of '76.

At the Congregationalist church Sunday morning, Rev. Israel Jordan, the pastor, preached a very impressive sermon from I Kings, 8–18. *And the Lord said unto David my father, whereas it was in thine heart to build a house unto my name, thou didst well that it was in thine heart.* It was appropriate to the Sunday closing Bethel's first century. After impressing upon the hearers the debt of gratitude due the first settlers in making it possible for us to enjoy these privileges, an earnest appeal was made that the homes in Bethel may be made so pure and Christ-like that we may deserve the name given to us by our ancestors, Bethel, house of God.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

Bethel is full of visitors.

Don't go home until you have seen the relics in Odeon hall.

Reporters from many of the daily papers are taking in the sights.

The merry-go-round near Odd Fellows hall is an attraction.

Fireworks on the common at about eight o'clock.

The residence of A. T. Rowe is handsomely and elaborately decorated.

Officers and Committees for the Centennial Celebration.

President of the day, Judge Woodbury.

Marshall, Maj. G. A. Hastings.

Vice Presidents, S. B. Twitchell, I. G. Kimball, John Barker, T. H. Chapman, E. G. Wheeler, E. C. Bean.

COMMITTEES ON PROCESSION.

G. A. Hastings, C. S. Edwards, H. C. Barker, E. H. Young, Ceylon Rowe.

RECEPTION.

G. R. Wiley, A. E. Herrick, Dr. J. G. Gehring, J. M. Philbrook, Dr. F. B. Tuell.

DECORATION.

A. M. True, C. S. Russell, T. F. Hastings.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR EVENING.

E. C. Park, Prof. W. R. Chapman, Mrs. Gehring, Mrs. E. C. Rowe, Miss Alice Billings.

ANTIQUARIAN COMMITTEE.

G. P. Bean, S. I. French, Mrs. C. S. Littlehale, Anna Robertson.

TO SOLICIT FUNDS.

A. D. Ellingwood, J. U. Purington, S. N. Buck.

INVITATIONS.

L. T. Barker, R. A. Frye, A. D. Ellingwood.

Treasurer, E. S. Kilborn.

Better Than For Fifteen Years.
Troy, Maine, May 4, 1896.
I was poisoned several years ago and it has troubled me ever since by itching and burning. This spring I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I have not felt as well for fifteen years as I do now. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier and tonic.
W. S. Stevens.
Hood's pills cure biliousnes, indigestion.

Centennial Programme

Grand salute of artillery and bells at sunrise.
Greetings from seven to nine.
Grand parade at ten o'clock sharp.
Trades procession, fire department, G. A. R., schools, Indians, cowboys, and bicycle club.

Dinner from twelve until two o'clock. To insure those who take part in the exercises and in the parade, and also invited guests receiving proper attention, tickets are to be issued, and only those holding tickets will be served with dinner until after one o'clock.

Families prefering to bring a picnic dinner, will be directed to suitable places where they can spread the same. Dinner tickets will be furnished by applying to the following committees: Henry Farwell, J. C. Billings, E. B Shaw, A. M. True, H. C. Barker, E. H. Young, L. T. Barker, G. R. Wiley, Dr. Tuell, A. D. Ellingwood, A. E. Herrick, A. W. Grover.

Music, Chandler's band of Portland, Bryant's Pond band.
Prayer.
Reading of the act of incorporation of the town.
Welcome by the president.
Poem written by Mrs. A. E. Herrick.
Music.
Short speeches conducted by Toast-master Hon. A S Twitchell of Gorham, N. H.
Band concert on the common from seven to eight o'clock.
To conclude with a grand display of fireworks.
Chandler's full military band of Portland will furnish music throughout the day.

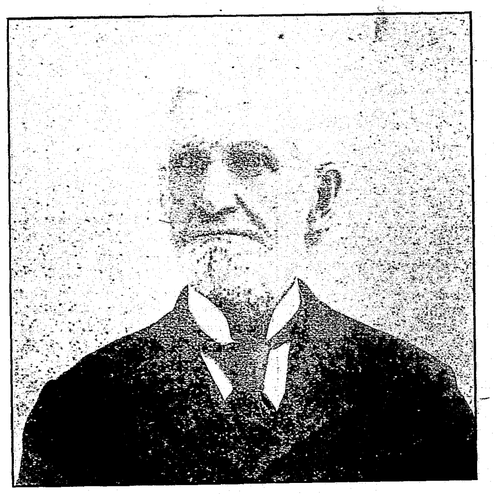
Odeon Hall will be open throughout the day and evening for the reception of visitors, and it is earnestly requested that every visitor in town June 10th, shall call at the hall and register their names. At this hall, there will be a collection of old relics which will be of interest.

All places of business will be closed from nine to one o'clock, by order of the selectmen.

No teams will be allowed on the streets while the parade is moving. This order applies only to streets over which the parade will pass.

THE PARADE.

The parade will form at ten o'clock sharp as follows:
Led by bicycle club, with fancy horses next.
Section 1st, A. M. True, aid, forms on Mechanic street. Platoon of police, Fire department, Chandler's band, G. A. R. Bryant's Pond Cornet band, Light artillery.
Section 2nd, H. C. Barker, aid, forms on High street, Schools, Goddess of Liberty, young lady representing Bethel.
Section 3rd, C. M. Wormell, aid, forms on Elm street, Old people and selectmen, Merchant's floats.
Section 4th. Company of Anasagunticook led by Tom Hegan, chief. Indian rangers and cow boys.
Section 5th, Invited guests and citizens of the town.



PRESIDENT OF THE DAY,

HON. E. W. WOODBURY.

Hon. Enoch Webster Woodbury has since '70 been identified with all the public interests of this village, and is claimed as one of the prominent citizens by the village of his adoption. Mr. Woodbury was born in Sweden, Maine, Jan. 18, 1818. His father, Andrew Woodbury, married Sally Stevens and moved to Sweden among the first settlers. The subject of this sketch was the youngest of ten children, received his education in the town schools and entered North Bridgton Academy with the purpose of taking a collegiate course, but failing health prevented. However, by earnest effort and reading he rounded out an education which won him a position among men. In early life he served in various offices, and in '56 was elected to the State Senate, and in '57 was relected by over 1,000 majority, and was a member of the House in 1860. He was Judge of Probate from Dec. '61 to March '67, then resigned to become Supt. of the State Reform School. In '70, having resigned his position as Supt., he removed to Bethel. In '71 he entered mercantile business as partner with Hon. Robert Chapman and J. U. Purington. In '90 and '91 Mr. Woodbury was in Augusta upon the valuation commission, and it was in March, '90, that his wife died in Augusta. In '92 he retired from the firm of Woodbury and Purington and is spending the years that belong to one who has always led an active public life, in the quiet of his home, and with his children. For more than fifty years he has been an active and honored member of the Congregationalist church. From early manhood a strong advocate of justice and freedom; by example as well as precept he has done much toward influencing the politics of Oxford county. At the ripe age of seventy-eight the Judge enjoys a good degree of physical strength and mental power, undimmed, and has a deep sympathy in all the movements of the day, which by tongue and pen he still vigorously aids. May many years yet be granted him for active service, and the journey toward the "setting sun" be made bright and happy by the love and esteem that one earns from his fellow men, by giving the best of life for the good of others.

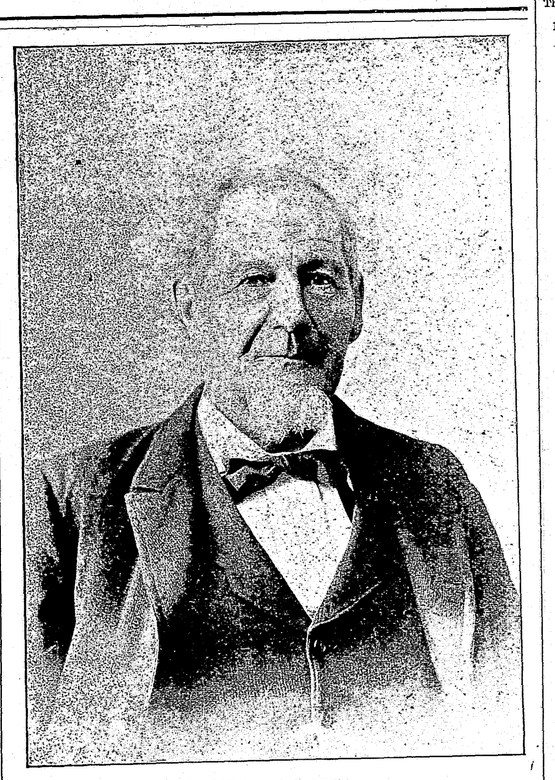
ADDISON E. HERRICK.

A. E. Herrick was born in Greenwood, June 24, 1847. He attended Gould's Academy, Hebron Academy and Bowdoin College, graduating from the last in the class of 1873. He studied law with Hon. Enoch Foster and was admitted to the Oxford bar at the March term, 1877. He was associated with Mr. Foster in law practice until the latter's appointment as a Judge of the Supreme Judicial Court. Mr. Herrick was elected Treasurer of the Bethel Savings Bank in 1884, and has held the position ever since. He is also Treasurer of the Bethel Water Co. He served in the House of Representatives in 1891, and was a member in the State Senate in 1893, serving on the special Joint Committee on Tax Reform.

In 1882 he married Miss Mary D. Chase, and they have one bright little daughter, Miss Miriam, aged eight years.

Mr. Herrick is on the right side of all moral and progressive questions, and is an able and conscientious lawyer.

Renew your subscription to the NEWS.



MAJOR G. A. HASTINGS.

MAJOR G. A. HASTINGS.

MARSHALL OF THE DAY.

Hr. Hastings was born February 18, 1821, on the same place where he now lives. Until he was thirty years of age he followed blacksmithing. He then engaged in the lumbering business, and has followed lumbering and farming ever since, excepting the time he spent in the army, and two years in Georgia on a cotton plantation.

October 3, 1848, he married Dolly K. Kimball, and they have had seven children, five of whom are now living.

Major Hastings has an enviable war record; he enlisted August 8, 1861, as private in Company A, 12th Regiment Maine Volunteers. On the 15th of October he was commissioned Captain, and on July 31st, '62, he was commissioned Major, which rank he held during his whole term of service. He was in many hard fought battles and always won the admiration and respect of the soldiers.

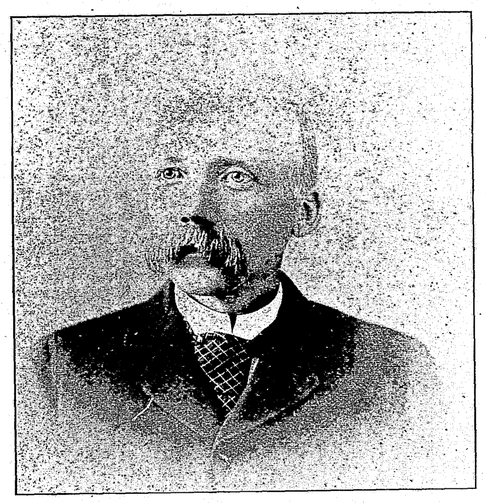
CAPT. R. B. GROVER.

Among the many Bethel boys who won rank and honor for fidelity to country and for bravery on the field in our late war, the name of Capt. R. B. Grover stands near the top; he served in the entire war and served well. He went in a Sergeant and came out with a Captain's commission; he obtained it not through influential friends, but by real worth.

He was born in Bethel July 24, 1841; his father was Eli Grover.

He obtained his education under Dr. True at Gould's Academy, and learned the tanner's trade of the Browns. In 1859 he went to Portland and worked for Neal Dow in his tannery, remaining there until the war broke out. After the war closed he went to Massachusetts and commenced business for himself. In 1872 he began his present business, and something of his success may be learned from the fact that the floor space of his factories covers about an acre, and that he employs over four hundred men and women, and pays for labor about six thousand dollars per month. He has twenty-seven stores in the largest cities in the United States, and the Emerson shoe is known the world over.

Capt. Grover was married twenty-eight years ago to Miss Mary F. Mears, of Massachusetts; they usually spend a part of each summer in this town.



HON. A. E. HERRICK.

CAPT. R. B. GROVER.

Tuesday, delegates from the Congregationalist church went to Oxford to attend the Oxford county conference. Mrs. Eugene Briggs and Miss Winona Bartlett represented the Society of Christian Endeavor at the convention which followed the conference.

GEMS IN VERSE.

The Smile of a Child.

There is nothing more pure in heaven,
And nothing on earth more mild,
More full of the light that is all divine,
Than the smile of a little child.

The sinless lips, half parted
With breath as sweet as the air,
And the light that seems so glad to shine
In the gold of the sunny hair.

O little one, smile and bless me,
For somehow—I know not why—
I feel in my soul when children smile
That angels are passing by.

I feel that the gates of heaven
Are nearer than I knew,
That the light and the hope of that sweeter world,
Like the dawn, are breaking through.
—News Letter.

There Is No Death.

There is no death; the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death; the forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air;
The rocks disorganize to feed
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death; the dust we tread
Shall change, beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow tinted flowers.

There is no death; the leaves may fall;
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death; the choicest gifts
That heaven hath kindly lent to earth
Are ever first to seek again
The country of their birth.

And all things that for growth or joy
Are worthy of our love or care,
Whose loss has left us desolate,
Are safely garnered there.

Though life become a dreary waste,
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,
Transplanted into paradise,
Adorn immortal bowers.

The voice of birdlike melody
That we have missed and mourned so long
Now mingles with the angel choir
In everlasting song.

There is no death; although we grieve
When beautiful, familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms—

Although with bowed and breaking heart,
With sable garb and silent tread,
We bear their senseless dust to rest,
And say that they are dead—

They are not dead; they have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay
To put their shining raiment on;
They have but wandered far away;
They are not "lost" nor "gone."

Though disenthralled and glorified,
They still are here and love us yet;
The dear ones they have left behind
They never can forget.

And, sometimes, when our hearts grow faint
Amid temptations fierce and deep,
Or when the wildly raging waves
Of grief or passion sweep,

We feel upon our fevered brow
Their gentle touch, their breath of balm;
Their arms infold us, and our hearts
Grow comforted and calm.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life; there are no dead!
—James L. McCreery.

In Poverty Street.

It's dirty, ill smelling,
Its fellows the same,
With hardly a dwelling
Deserving the name;
It's noisy and narrow,
With angles replete—
Not straight as an arrow
Is Poverty street.

Its houses are battered,
Unheated and small,
While children all tattered
Respond to the call;
There's nothing inviting
That's likely to greet
The stranger alighting
In Poverty street.

But something redeeming
Lies under it all—
Ambition is dreaming
In some little hall;
Some mother is praying
Successes may meet
The boy who is playing
In Poverty street.

Some fathers, depriving
Themselves of all joys,
Are valiantly striving
For sake of their boys;
Some sisters or brothers,
In sacrifice sweet,
Are living for others
In Poverty street.

Though lacking in glory
And lacking in art,
There's many a story
Appeals to the heart,
And years that are blighting
With tales of defeat
Find heroes still fighting
In Poverty street.
—Chicago Evening Post.

Teach Me.

Teach me, O wood, to fade away
As autumn's yellow leaves decay
A better spring impends.
The green and glorious shall my tree
Take deep root in eternity,
Whose summer never ends.

Teach me, O bird of passage, this:
To seek in faith a better bliss
On other unknown shores.
When all is winter here and ice,
There ever smiling paradise
Unfolds its happy doors.

Teach me, thou summer butterfly,
To break the bonds which on me lie
With fetters all too firm.
Ah, soon on golden purple wing
The liberated soul shall spring,
Which now creeps as a worm!
—Julia Horatia Ewing.

Fate.

Fate drives us on. Yield we to fate,
No carking cares will mend our state
Or change the web that fortune weaves.
Poor mortal man, who sins and grieves,
His course foredked from heaven receives.
There is the thread relentless spun
Of every life beneath the sun.
Their ordered path all things pursue,
And from the old was born the new.
No god that knits the causal chain
That knits events might break in twain.
No prayer avails—his race each one
Foreruled must run. —Seneca.

Can you put the kernel back in the nut
Or the broken egg in the shell?
Can you put the honey back in the comb
And cover with wax each cell?
Can you put the perfume back in the vase
When once it has sped away?
Can you put the corn silk back on the corn
Or down on the catkins—say?
You think my questions are trifling, dear.
Let me ask another one.
Can a hasty word ever be unsaid
Or a deed unkind undone?
—Wide Awake.

Judge Not.

Judge not. The workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see.
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well won field
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch that smiling grace
And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

The fall thou darest to despise
Maybe the angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

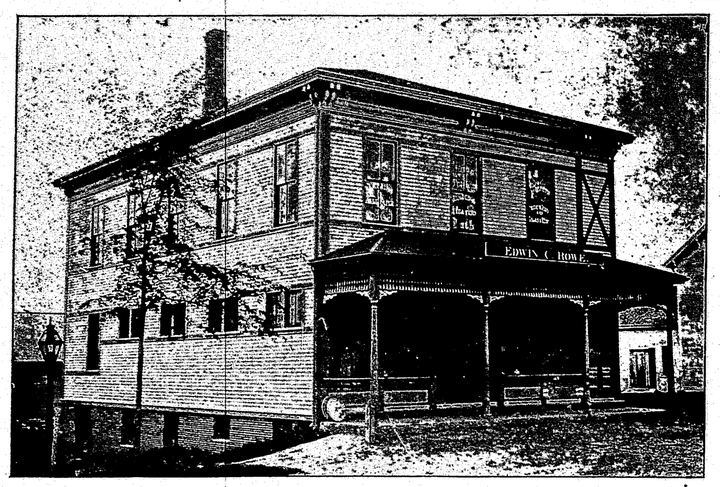
And judge none lost, but wait and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain.
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days.
—Adelaide A. Procter.

Spanish Rules For Prayer.

Before you venture on the main
Pray once you may return again.

Before you into battle go
Pray twice you may escape the foe.

But ere you take a wife—perdie!
Your prayers should not be less than three.
—Century.



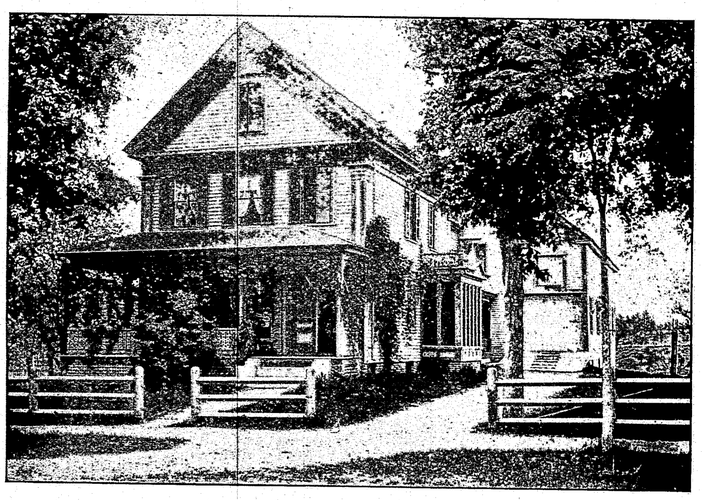
STORE OF E. C. ROWE.

BETHEL PEOPLE AND THEIR RESIDENCES.

SOME PRETTY BUILDINGS AND A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS PEOPLE.

EDWIN C. ROWE.

Among the many business men of Bethel, no one there is, who has more business ability and who confines himself more closely to business than does Mr. E. C. Rowe of this place. Mr. Rowe was born in 1848 and has been in business since he was twenty-one years of age. His father was Caleb Rowe, and there were eleven children in the family, seven of whom are now living. He attended school at Gould's Academy under Dr. True, and remembers the Doctor as a good teacher and a loyal friend. Mr. Rowe was in company with his brother Ceylon for eight years and then bought his brother out and built the large, finely appointed building he now occupies. This store is 40x60 feet, three floors, the whole of which are occupied by Mr. Rowe's business. He carries one of the largest and most varied stocks in Oxford county. "Dealer in everything", appropriately applieth to him. His stock consists in part of dry and fancy goods, clothing, boots and shoes, groceries, flour, hardware, tinware, stoves and ranges, etc., From cellar to attic the building is filled, and the stock is fresh and up to date. It is pleasant to deal with him; courteous attention counts, and you may be sure to recline this here. In 1875 Mr. Rowe was married to Ella E. Godwin. Mrs. Rowe is a pleasant lady and an earnest worker in the Universalist church, and in social and charitable circles generally. She is the daughter of Alva Godwin, and came to Bethel with her father from Rumford, in 1865. Mr. and Mrs. Rowe live in one of the prettiest and most comfortable houses in the village. They purchased the place about eighteen years ago and have spent considerable money on the buildings and grounds. The location is one of the best, and careful attention has made the grounds beautiful. "Industry has its reward". and Mr. and Mrs. Rowe are enjoying the fruits of their labors.



RESIDENCE OF E. C. ROWE.

RESIDENCE OF J. M. PHILBROOK.

JOHN M. PHILBROOK.

Mr. Philbrook is not a native of Bethel, but for thirty-three years he has been one of her influential citizens. Is the son of Harvey and Susanna Wight Philbrook, and was born in Shelburne, N. H., in 1840. He was married in 1863 and came to Bethel, where he has since resided on his farm about four miles from the village, until he moved into his elegant residence last fall. Mr. Philbrook is a cattle broker as well as a farmer, and has done an immense business in this line for many years. He ships from twelve to fifteen hundred veals, and four or five hundred cattle to the Brighton market yearly, besides buying and selling many cattle among farmers and lumbermen. Last summer he erected one of the finest residences in Bethel. The house is of unique de-ign and adds greatly to the beauty of the village. Mr. and Mrs. Philbrook have one son, Fred J. who resides on the home farm, and one daughter, Edith A., who married Dr. F. I Brown of South Portland, last winter. Mr. Philbrook has been honored politically, having represented the town in the Legislature three years ago.

HENRY FARWELL.

Henry Farwell is the representative of one of the ancient families of Bethel. He was born the 17th day of March, 1860, and he and his brother Wallace own and occupy the old homestead in which four generations of his ancesters have domiciled, on Farwell mountain in Bethel.

His great grandfather, Absalom Farwell, was a soldier in the Revolutionary war, and participated in the battles of Bennington and Bunker Hill. His grandfather, William Farwell, was born on the old homestead.

Henry was educated in the common schools and Gould's Academy of Bethel. He is in politics a Republican, and enjoys the confidence of his townsmen, who have yearly, for the last six years, elected him one of their selectmen, and chairman of the board for the last four years.

Mr. Farwell became a member of Mt. Abram Lodge of Odd Fellows in 1883, and has worked through all the chairs in the Subordinate Lodge, has been a member of the Grand Lodge for nine years, District Deputy two terms, and is at present Secretary of his Lodge. He was raised to the Sublime Degree of a Master Mason in Bethel Lodge, No. 97, the present year.

He has never been married, but lives in the family of his brother Wallace, together with his mother who is sixty-eight years old; his father died in 1883. He and his brother own the old homestead together, and have bought adjoining land until they own a farm of seven hundred acres.

CALVIN BISBEE.

ONE OF BETHEL'S MOST RESPECTED CITIZENS.

Mr. Bisbee was born March 17, 1847 in Sumner, Me., was the son of Jonas and Mary Bisbee. He was educated in Sumner, and in early life became a merchant. His first venture was at North Paris, and later he moved to Newry, where he remained in business ten years. In 1882 he came to Bethel, and since that time he has been one of the substantial business men of this town. Mr

Bisbee has a large and commodious store, and carries a fine line of goods. His specialty is grain and feed, but he has a full assortment of dry goods and groceries, ready made clothing, boots and shoes. In order to supply his customers with the best of meal, he has fitted up a mill under the chair factory, where he does custom grinding. Courteous attention to his customers has won for Mr. Bisbee a large and ever increasing business. For six years Mr. Bisbee has been an active member of the M. E. church, doing much to further the interests of that society in this place. He was married Jan. 5th, 1874, to Fannie W. Churchill of Paris. They have two children, Helen E. and Robert C. Bisbee. The family live in a beautiful residence which Mr. Bisbee erected on Vernon street. Mr. Davis Lovejoy is the valued and trustworthy clerk at this store.

A LITTLE PINK SHOE.

Only a little pink baby shoe
That is stained and wrinkled and torn,
With a tiny hole where the little pink toe
Peeped out in the days that are gone.

The little pink toe was the "big little pig"
That to market so often would go,
And over and over the legend was told
As I kissed the little pink toe.

"Piggie some more," the red lips would lisp,
And the story and kiss were given
Again and again, so happy were we
In motherhood's foretaste of heaven.

But there came a night, with desolate blight,
When death bore my idol away,
And no little toe ever peeps from the shoe:
To be kissed in the sweet old way.

But my tears have deluged the little pink shoe
And stained it a deeper stain,
And I long for the touch that would chill me in death
If it gave me my darling again.

So, when I am dead, lay the little pink shoe
Near my heart that is silent and cold,
And perhaps up above, in the sunlight of love,
I shall kiss the pink toe as of old.
—Kate Thyson Marr in New York Journal.

WAYSIDE DENTISTRY.

Teamster's Tooth Extracted With a Small Hatchet and a Big Nail.

"While traveling in southern Georgia," said Attorney W. W. McNair to a reporter, "I saw a beautiful piece of dental surgery. A teamster developed a toothache while on the road. He thought it would soon be better, but it kept getting worse and worse till he could hardly handle the reins. He put a chew of tobacco on it, but it only jumped the harder. Then he stopped his team, built a little fire, heated a needle redhot and had another teamster jam it down into the cavity to kill the nerve. Still it jumped and thumped till the poor fellow was pretty near insane.

"'Boys, she's got to come out,' he shouted to his companions as he pulled up his team.

"They all stopped, wound their lines around their brakes and climbed down.

"'How can we get her out?' asked one of them.

"'I don't know,' groaned the victim, but she's got to come.'

"He opened the jockey box on his seat and rummaged around in it, finally producing a small hatchet and a big nail.

"'I guess you'll have to drive her out with this,' said he, and he sat down on the ground and hung on to a buckeye bush with both hands, while one of his companions placed the end of the nail against the side of the tooth and hit it with the hatchet. The first lick made the teamster jump and yell, but he settled down for another one. The second stroke loosened it up, and after a lot of groaning the teamster wiped the perspiration off his face, climbed on to the buckeye and said:

"'Hit her again, boys!'

"The third lick sent the offending molar flying."—San Francisco Post.

Father Darcy's Witty Retort.

Concerning the celebrated Father Darcy, probably the greatest wit of that witty nation, Ireland, it is related that he once visited the palatial mansion of a perfect specimen of the nouveaux riches, who lived in the neighborhood of Dublin, at the invitation of its pompous owner. He was shown all over the house, his host taking great pains, as is habitual in such cases, to keep the witty and observant priest well informed as to the cost of all the beautiful things he was shown. Finally, after making the complete tour of the chateau, the library was reached, its tremendous shelves groaning under the weight of thousands upon thousands of volumes resplendent in the most magnificent bindings. Here they seated themselves, and the host said, with a sigh of snobbish exultation:

"Well, father, I have brought you here last because this is my favorite room. The other rooms may give pleasure to my wife and my daughters, but this is my place—right here among these books, who are my friends. And these here on the desk," pointing to a score of ultra looking volumes, "are what I may call my intimate friends."

Father Darcy got up and examined one of them, when a broad grin spread over his good natured face as he said:

"Well, it's glad I am to see that you never cut your intimate friends."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Honesty Best, After All.

Two hungry workmen on the tramp lately came to a village where lived a Catholic priest who was known to keep a good table.

"Mate," said one of them, "we shall get nothing there if he finds out that we are Protestants. I shall tell him I'm a Catholic."

"Do as you please," replied the other. "I shall tell the truth."

They knocked at the clergyman's door and asked for relief.

His reverence asked them among other things what confession they belonged to, and they replied as previously agreed. Then he bade them wait and went back into the house, returning soon afterward with a couple of plates, on one of which was roast duck and on the other a little boiled rice.

"Friend," he said, addressing the soi disant Catholic, "as it is fast day, I have nothing better to give you; but as for you," he said, turning to the other, "being a heretic, you care nothing for fast days, and may therefore eat meat."
—New York Advertiser.

What He Wanted.

"Yes, he's a wonder," said he in speaking of the tough boarder. "One Sunday we had turkey and green peas and some other unusual items for dinner. This fellow came in and when the landlady asked him what he wanted he looked over the table and says, 'I guess you can give me a thigh of the eagle, a little of the nest and a few of the shot.' She didn't know what he was talking about. He wanted a leg of turkey with dressing and gravy and some of the green peas."—Chicago Record.

THE PASSING YEARS.

They are slipping away, these swift, sweet years,
Like a leaf on the current cast:
With never a break in the rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

As light as the breath of thistledown,
As fond as a lover's dream,
As pure as the flush in the sea shell's throat,
As sweet as the wood bird's wooing note,
So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass
Down the dim lighted stair;
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to love,
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample the under ruthless feet,
Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
By the dusty ways of life?

There are only a few swift years. Oh, let
No envious taunts be heard.
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,
But never an angry word.

Thou and I.

Strange, strange for thee and me
Sadly afar;
Thou safe, beyond, above,
I 'neath the star;
Thou where flowers deathless spring,
I where they fade;
Thou in God's paradise,
I mid the shade.

Thou where each gale breathes balm,
I tempest tossed;
Thou where true joy is found,
I where 'tis lost;
Thou counting ages thine,
I not the morrow;
Thou learning more of bliss,
I more of sorrow.

Thou in eternal peace,
I mid earth's strife;
Thou where care hath no name,
I where 'tis life;
Thou without need of hope,
I where 'tis vain;
Thou with wings drooping light,
I with time's chain.

Strange, strange for thee and me,
Loved, loving ever,
Thou by life's deathless fount,
I near death's river;
Thou winning wisdom's lore,
I strength to trust;
Thou mid the seraphim,
I in the dust.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

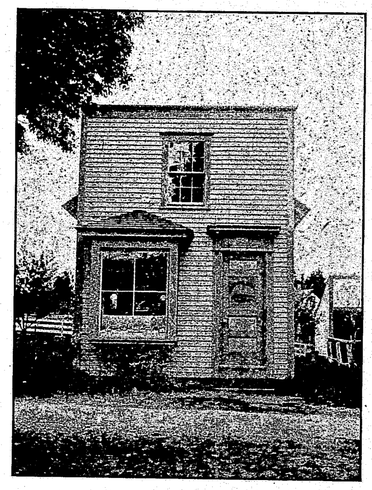
June 17—Democratic State Convention, Portland.
June 23—Republican County Convention, South Paris.
June 10—Centennial Celebration, Bethel
June 11-12—Union Conference of Congregational Churches, Albany.
June 14-18—Commencement, Maine State College, Orono.
June 16—Fourth District Democratic Convention, Bangor.
June 16-17—Oxford Universalist Association, Paris Hill.
June 17—Democratic State Convention, Portland.
June 17—First District Democratic Convention, Portland.
June 23—Oxford County Republican Convention, South Paris.
June 24—Maine Universalist Convention, Auburn.
June 28—July 1—Commencement at Colby University.
June 30—Kennebec County Republican Convention, Augusta.
Aug. 17-21—New England Fair, Rugby Park.
Aug. 29-Sept. 4—Maine State Fair, Lewiston.
Sept. 15-17—Oxford County Fair, on the Society's grounds, between South Paris and Norway.
Sept. 23-24—Oxford North fair, Andover,
Sept. 8, 9, 10—Fair at Riverside Park, Bethel.

DR. C. L. BUCK,
DENTIST,
SOUTH PARIS, - MAINE.

It is our aim to save teeth, not destroy them.

We visit Lockes Mills every second Wednesday.

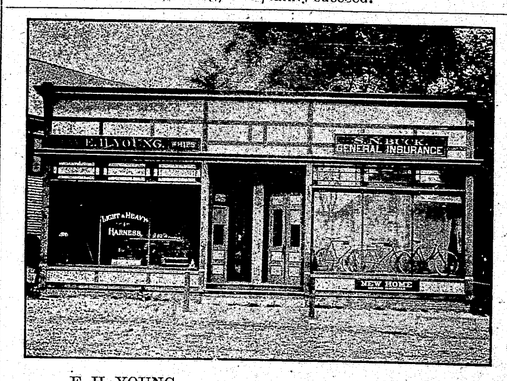
Satisfaction Guaranteed.



EDWARD KING.

Edward King, the subject of this sketch, was born in Boston, where he spent the first twelve years of his life. In 1887 he came to Bethel and finished his education at Gould's Academy. When seventeen years of age he accepted a position in the jewelry store of D. C. Philbrook, and continued in his employ for about one year and a half. Mr. King wished to thoroughly understand all the finer details of his trade and to perfect himself in all its branches, so upon leaving Mr. Philbrook he went to Waltham, Mass., where is situated one of the oldest and best Horological schools in America. Here he not only studied watchmaking and repairing, but also engraving," and he spent considerable time studying optics under two of Boston's best oculists, namely, Dr. John Tenney and Dr. Edwin Foster.

Mr. King remained in Waltham until he felt himself competent to repair any watch, no matter how complicated. About December 1st 1895, Mr. King came to Bethel and started in the jewelry business in the same store in which he worked for Mr. Philbrook. Since then his business has constantly increased up to the present time. He is not only a fine workman, but selects his stock with care, and at present has a fine assortment, to which he is adding every month. If good work, fair prices and strict attention to business will bring success, Mr. King will certainly succeed.



E. H. YOUNG.

Just fifty years ago this month Hiram Young began the manufacture and sale of harness in Bethel, and from that day to this the business has continued uninterrupted.

Mr. E. H. Young, the subject of this sketch, was the son of Hiram Young, and was born in Bethel in 1859. He attended Gould's Academy, and worked with his father, succeeding to the business when his father died. For thirty years the business was carried on in the same building, Mr. Young moving into his present quarters about two years ago. He was married in November, 1887, to Miss Annie M. Lucas, and they reside in their pleasant home on Main street. Mr. Young gives his attention wholly to his business, and is a hard working, upright young man. He manufactures light and heavy harness, and deals in horse, carriage and stable furnishings, has the best shop and carries the finest line of goods in the county, and has an enviable reputation among the people of the entire county. His success is well deserved. He has taken an active part in the preparation for the centennial celebration, being on the parade committee. Mr. Young has one marked characteristic; he believes in looking carefully after his own particular line of business, and doesn't dabble in anything that properly belongs to other branches.

S. N. BUCK.

One hundred years ago Bethel had little need of an insurance agent. The good people of that time built their humble cottages or camps and trusted in the Lord for protection. In these later years, life and fire insurance is indispensible, and Bethel has in Mr. S. N. Buck a representative of several of the most reliable concerns in the country. Mr. Buck was born in Buckfield July 27, 1865. He is the son of Albion J. and Hattie Horton Buck. His grandparents were among the first settlers of Buckfield, and his grandfather was a sea captain, having been engaged in the East India trade for many years.

Mr. Buck received his education at the Norway High School, he having resided in Norway for thirteen years. He came to Bethel about four years ago, and in addition to his extensive insurance business, he has been engaged in selling bicycles. He has sold a large number of wheels and the business is on the increase. He has rooms in the Cross Block on Main street, and carries a large stock of wheels and bicycle sundries. He was married in 1886 to Miss Nettie P. Kimball of Norway, and they have had two children, one of whom is living, Gladys V., a bright little girl of five summers.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

Can be obtained in but few places, and those places are hard to find.

THE NEAREST YOU

can come to this in Oxford County is at the ware rooms of the BETHEL CHAIR CO. where you can purchase fine

OAK CHAMBERSUITS
FORMERLY SOLD FOR 40 TO $50
FOR $20. AND $25.

We handle all our goods from first hands directly from Factory

We also keep in stock AT BOTTOM PRICES

Spruce Boards, Joists, Lathes,
Shingles, both Spruce and Canadian Cedar.

BETHEL CHAIR CO.,
Bethel, - - - - Maine.

There are Others—

of course. We don't claim to be the only firm in our line in town.

We Do Claim

however, that no other establishment can surpass us in quality of goods or in lowness of price.

DON'T

necessarily accept our statement—come in and see for yourself, and then say.

—GODDARD BROS.

All kinds of FUNERAL GOODS
PICTURES, PICTURE FRAMES, & MIRRORS
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Still up to date in MILLINERY.

New Line of Jewelry,
—AT—
E. E. Burnham's.

☞Store closed Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

My Stock Consists of—

Spruce Dimensions, Lathes, Clapboards, Shingles, Bass, Whitewood, No. Carolina, Norway, Spruce Western and Sap Pine Sheathing.

Doors and Door Frames,

Outside and Inside Thresholds, Windows, Window Frames, Stool Caps, Band Casings, Sur base, Weights and Cord.

Cedar Sash and Frames, Blinds and Blind Trimmings. Screen Doors, Whitewood Mantle Shelves, Hood Brackets, Framing Pins, &c. Window Screens made to order. Piazza Posts (Whitewood and Pine), Turned and Sawed Balustrade Newel Posts, Stair Rail and Balusters. Yellow Birch, Rock Maple, So. Rift Pine and Spruce Flooring, Western Pine, Cyprus, Sycamore, Mahogany, Quartered Oak, Whitewood, Gum, Black Walnut, Oregon Cedar Cherry, California Redwood and Native woods in stock.

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TELEPHONE CONNECTION. Norway. Me.

Lovell!
BICYCLES.

Lovell Diamond,	$100.
" Special,	85.
" Excel,	75.

12 Models.

also the

STERLING, "BUILT LIKE A WATCH," $100

Call or send stamp for catalogue. A full line of sundries

H. C. ROWE. Kimball Block.

If Mothers Only Knew—

How many disorders of children were really caused by worms and how quickly and surely they can be cured, infant mortality would be reduced to a minimum.

TRUE'S Pin Worm ELIXIR

the great vegetable specific, has been curing children for 44 years. It is the safest, quickest, and most effectual medicine ever prepared for all stomach disorders of children or adults. Sold by all druggists or by mail. A valuable book about children sent free to mothers. *Treatment of Tape worms a Specialty.* Particulars free. DR. J. F. TRUE & CO., AUBURN, ME.

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BETHEL DIRE

ARRANGEMENT OF
Mails Close.
GOING EAST, 9.00 a. m. 8. p.
for Portland and all points b
GOING WEST, 10.00 a. m. 4.
Albany 4.30. p. m. For
intermediate offices, 7.45 a.
Mails Arrive.
FROM EAST 11.00 a. m. 4.
Portland and points beyon
FROM WEST 7. a. m. 10. a. m.
3.15 p. m. From Lakeside
diate offices 2.30 p. m.
OFFICE HOURS; 7 a. m., to 8.3
12 M to 12.30 p. m., 6 to 6.30

CHURCHES
METHODIST EPISCOPAL
Main Street.
Pastor, Rev. A. Hamilton, R
Street.
SABBATH SERVICE, Preachi
Sunday School 12 m., Ep
Devotional Service, 6.15
Meeting, 7.00 P. M.
MONDAY, Epworth League
Literary Meeting first Mo
Month.
TUESDAY Class Meeting at 7.
WEDNESDAY, Ladies' Circle
Wednesday evening of each m
FRIDAY, Prayer meeting 7.30
SATURDAY, Junior League 2
UNIVERSALIST CH
Rev. F. E. Barton, Pastor.
door to church.
SABBATH SERVICES; Preac
Sunday School 12 M.; Y. P. C
CONGREGATIONALIST
Rev. Israel Jordan Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES; Preachi
Sunday School 12 m.; Y. P. S.
Prayer Meeting 7.00 p. m.; We
Prayer Meeting 7.30 p. m
MIDDLE INTERVALE BAPT
SABBATH SERVICE, Preachin
Geo. F. Green; Sunday School
at 4. p. m. Wednesday. Social

SOCIETIES.
ODD FELLOW
MOUNT ABRAM LODGE NO.
Saturday evening each wee
N. G., G G. Kimball V. G.,
Fer. Sec'y, Henry Farwell. R
Bryant, Treas. S. L. French.
Trustees. C. Bis
G. A.
Char.
SUNSET REBEKAH LODGE, N
and 3rd Monday at I.O. O. F.
N. G., Anna French; V. G., M
Sec., Marcia Hastings; R. Sec
Treas. Ellen Burbank; Warden
R. S. N. G., Susie Frost; L. S.
ney; R. S. V. G., Eva Barker; L
Bryant; Chap., Jennie Philbroo
Parker; O. G., T. B. Kendall.
MASONIC.
BETHEL LODGE, No. 97, Reg.
day every month., E. S. Ki
A. W. Grover, S. W., J. H.
M. W. Chandler, Treas., J. C.
OXFORD R. A. C. No. 25, St
tion 3d Thursday, every month,
Z. P., L. T. Barker, K., Chas A
Billings, C. H., J. A. Morton
Richardson, R. A. C., M. W. C
E. S. Kilborn, Treas.
GRAND ARMY
BROWN POST, No 84, A.
P. C., A. M. True Adj't. S
first and third Tuesday evenin
THE W. R. C. Meet first and
evening, of each month. Mrs.
President, Mrs. Cyrene Littlefi
UNITED ORDER OF THE GO
GRAND VIEW COMMANDERY,
2nd and 4th Monday evenings
Barrows, Noble Commander,
Arno, Vice., Fannie Bisbee, S
Records., Mrs. Sophronia W
cial Keeper of Rec. Calvin
Treas. Dr. J. A. Morton. W
T. B. Durell, Worthy Herald.
INDEPENDENT ORDER O
PLAINS.
HELPING HAND LODGE No.
Thursday evening at Ladies
Hall.— Officers; Chief Temp
ker, Vice Templar, Mrs. C. O. Fo
Marion Chandler; Financial Sec
Abbott; Treasurer, E. A. Bark
Florence Abbott; Marshal, Fred
Frank Leach. Guard, Sadie Al
C. V. Stowell; L. D., A. H. Hute
UNITED ORDER OF PILGRI
SUDBURY COL., No. 50;
man, Gov; E. C. Park. Secy;
Treas. M. W. Chandler, collec
BETHEL CORNET B
E. H. Young, Lead
Meets every Friday Night.

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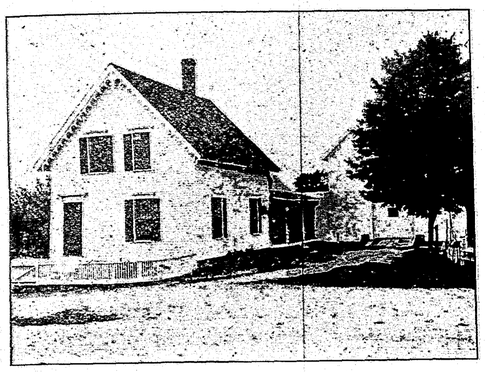
This popular house has been
last season, the stable and
have been moved to the rear
thus leaving the View of t
unobstructed. Parties wanting
mer home will find this one of
able places in the Mountain re

NOTICE.
The subscriber hereby gives
has been duly appointed ex
estate of GEO. P. KIMBALL l
the County of Oxford, deceas
bonds as the law directs. All p
demands against the estate of
are desired to present the same
and all indebted thereto are
make payment immediately.
April 21st, 1896,
GEO.

OUR ILLUSTRAT
THE CUTS in this pape
from PHOTOGRAPH
Kimball. His studio i
That is where every body
their pictures taken.

ALBERT W. GROVER.

Albert W. Grover, the son of George W. and Dolly Bean Grover, was born in Bethel, March 21, 1841, on flat where his father cleared a farm in his early youth, about one mile south of West Bethel, on the road leading to Waterford, although at that time there was no road through there. Mr. Grover obtained his education at Gould's Academy and taught several terms of school. In September, 1862, when the nine months men were called for, he enlisted and served his time and then returned to his farm near West Bethel, where he



RESIDENCE OF A. W. GROVER.

has been engaged in farming up to April, 1893. There were ten children in his father's family, only four of whom are now living—Mrs. J. A. Torry, of Rockland, Mass.; Mrs. Neal Donovan, of Grover, Col., for whom the town was named; and Mrs. Oliver Howard, of Greeley, Col. Mr. Grover was married in December, 1864, to Olive S. Willis, of Hanover. They have three children— Mrs. Grace E. Skillings, who lives in Harvard, Mass.; Edith O., who lives with him; and Archer L., who is now in the Orono State College. The children all graduated at Gould's Academy and have all taught school more or less. Mr. Grover has been selectman of the town four years, has been road commissioner, and one year ago was appointed trial justice. As road commissioner, he took the first step toward furnishing the village with side-walks, building the new walk from the depot to the post office. He is a member of the F. and A. Masons, the Grange, and of the Pilgrim Fathers. In 1893, he removed to the village and now owns the Dr. Davis place on Chapman street. The accompanying cut is a good likeness of his residence.

IRVING KIMBALL.

Bethel's Young Artist.

One of Bethel's smart young men, and one of the most industrious of his profession, always seeking for improvement in his work and business. Mr. Kimball was born May 9th, 1875, and is the oldest son of the well known townsman, C. M. Kimball, Esq. He remained on the home farm and attended the town school until the age of sixteen, when he began at Gould's Academy, and graduated from there with the class of '95. He was the honored president of his class and a general favorite in and out of school. During the summer of 1893, he took up the study of photography, and did not take pictures just for the fun of it, but made them a study from first to last, and alone without any personal instructions. He met and overcame the many obstacles that are sure to confront the amatuer in this art. Later on he began to make crayon portraits, and his gift in that direction is at once apparent upon examination of his work. He has some fine specimens of his work on exhibition at his studio, and if you call Mr. Kimball will entertain you in his gentlemanly, straightforward manner.

IRVING KIMBALL.

Letter from Louisiana.

Morgan City, La., May 21st, 1896.

To the Committee on Invitation, B. C. A.,

Gentlemen:

Was much pleased to receive the invitation to be present at the Bethel Centennial Anniversary of June 10th, '96. Though it is hardly probable that I shall be able to attend the ceremonies, yet in spirit I will be with you. I feel that Bethel belongs to me in a way. Among my earliest recollections the name of Bethel appears as a bright particular star. "*Lux inter montes*" was the inscription over Dr. True's school-room door. That school-room was the heart of Bethel. From precepts learned there have been moulded men and women. The influence of that man is felt to-day and will be felt for years in the little town, in the neighboring towns, even to remote states and territories. The history of Bethel with the name of Dr. True left out would be a farce. No centennial celebration would be complete without a proper tribute to his life, his labors and his memory. In the grand arch of this temple among the hills he is the Keystone.

The sons and daughters of Bethel shall lift their faces with reverence and shall read on it the words of fire:

"*Lux inter montes.*"

Thanking you for your kind remembrance and invitation I remain as ever,

Chas. S. Gray.

J. G. RICH.

A good citizen and an honest, pleasant gentleman, he has the confidence of all old soldiers, is honored by his townsmen and respected and loved by the children. He represents the Bethel Pension Agency, and has obtained more pensions for the soldiers than any man in the county. Is a trial justice, having received his first commission under Governor Hubbard in 1852, and was qualified by Peter C. Virgin, Esq., of Rumford. He was made a Mason in Bethel Lodge No. 97, Jan. 4, 1873. Mr. Rich passed his seventy-sixth birthday April 24th, last. He owns a comfortable home in the village, and keeps abreast of the times. He is a great lover of flowers, and has a beautiful garden. He has done much toward giving the BETHEL NEWS a permanent footing in Bethel, and has been a valuable friend. That he may he live long to enjoy the fruits of his labors is the wish of the Editor.

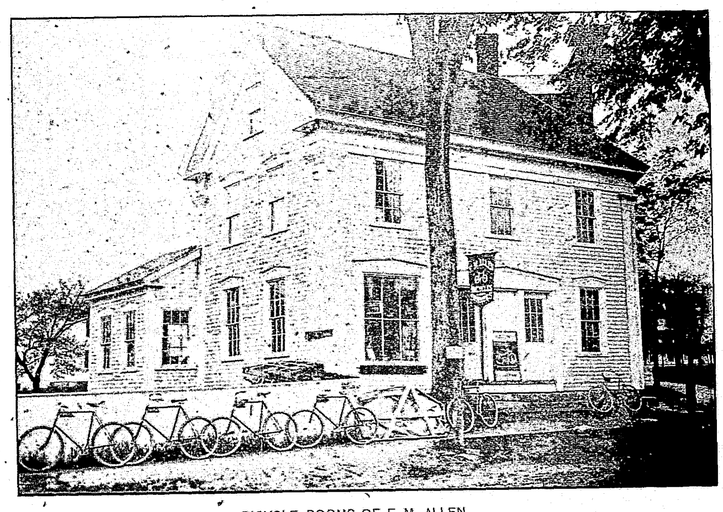
J. G. RICH.

RESIDENCE OF A. E. HERRICK, ESQ.

F. M. ALLEN.

Bethel, as well as almost every other town in New England, has the bicycle craze, and to supply the increasing demand for wheels several bicycle agencies have been established here, among the others being that of F. M. Allen. Mr. Allen began the business three years ago, and in order to give his customers the best possible service he opened rooms on Main street this spring, and now has pleasant quarters, and a large line of wheels and bicycle supplies. He carries the Keating, the Waverly and several other makes, and with his supplies he has bicycle clothing, suits, caps, shoes, etc. He also does repairing of all kinds.

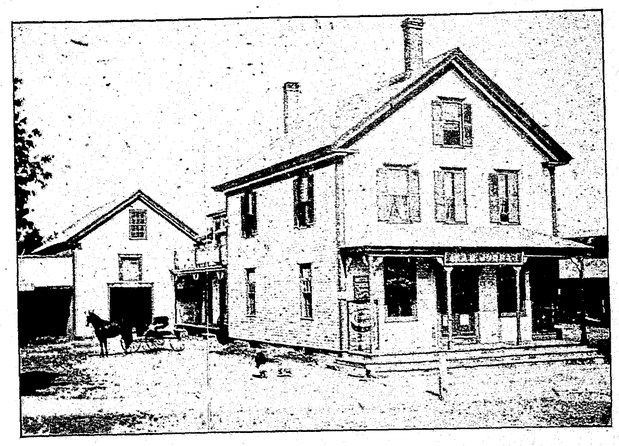
Mr. Allen was born in Milton Plantation in 1869 and attended school at Gould's Academy. He has lived in Bethel eleven years, eight years of the time being spent with E. C. Rowe. Mr. Allen has won many friends since coming here.



BICYCLE ROOMS OF F. M. ALLEN.

IRA C. JORDAN.

One of the leading business men of Bethel is Mr. Ira C. Jordan. He was born in Bethel in 1844, and lived here until he went south to participate in the late war, where he remained until its close. After his return home he moved to Locke's Mills and worked in the spool mill there for about eight years. He then went to Waterford and worked there for eight years, then returned to Locke's Mills and went to work for the Tibbetts Manufacturing Company. He remained there for nine years, being foreman of the mill the last three years. He then went in business at Locke's Mills, but at the end of a year sold out to Eben Rand, came to Bethel and purchased the Robert Chapman store near the depot. He thoroughly refitted and repaired the store, and now has a pleasant place of business.



IRA C. JORDAN'S STORE AND RESIDENCE.

Mr. Jordan's father moved here from Danville about 1830. In 1870 Mr. Jordan married Miss Ella H. Bean, and has one son, Harry, who is associated with him in business. Harry was married about four years ago to Vira M. Hall, and they have one little son.

The Jordans carry a good line of flour, grain, groceries, dry goods, boots and shoes, confectionery, paints and oils. Last year they sold fifty-two carloads of grain.

LEAGUE OF PROGRESS.

An Organization That Is Alive to Practical Affairs For Good.

The League of Progress of Livermore valley, California, was organized on Dec. 11, 1895, with a membership of 35, which has increased already to 90. The membership is composed of the live, active business men of Livermore and vicinity, which assures its permanence and well directed effort.

The spirit which prompted the organization of the league has already caused the decayed plank sidewalks on more than half the business streets to be replaced with first class cement walks, and the good work is likely to proceed until the entire business portion of the town shall have been thus substantially improved. The creamery projected by the league is already doing good work. The principal avenue leading out of town has been lined with ornamental trees for a distance of 1½ miles on either side.

A committee has investigated and reported upon the feasibility of impounding the waters of the 60 square miles of watershed southeast of Livermore and bringing the water to the town and valley for municipal and irrigation purposes. The report is very favorable, and an effort will be made to push the scheme into operation.

The citizens of Livermore valley have organized themselves, with president, secretary, treasurer and committees and a constitution and bylaws, to build up, beautify and develop the Livermore valley and to publish to the world its resources, its favorable location as a place of residence, its flowers and the grandeur of its mountain scenery.

The spirit of progress has stimulated the ladies, and their interest has crystallized into the Ladies' League of Progress, with a membership of 92, which is working hand in hand with the men's league with even more enthusiasm and well directed, practical effort.

Art In Window Display.

If you have not the artistic training or ability to make an attractive display of goods in your windows or on your counters, find some clever young man or woman who can do it and encourage him or her to become an expert. Study the effects and the methods of large city houses and apply them with modifications to your own business. A cheerful holiday aspect all the year around—that is the end to be attained. The dealer who has the knack of making his goods advertise themseves is the one who makes sales. The man who piles his goods in promiscuous heaps is putting a muzzle on his best salesman. Whatever is worth displaying at all is worth displaying well. Don't grudge a little expense to do it. If you have an employee who can make the most attractive window in town, don't let a rival take him from you by offering a few dollars more for his services.—Chicago Dry Goods Reporter.

What Makes Ads. Interesting.

Many of us know just what we want, but many just simply feel a great yearning, indefinite want, and some learn that they did not want what they thought they did and find that other people have anticipated their real wants better than themselves. And this is just what makes the advertisements of our newspapers and magazines so interesting.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Quits Too Soon.

The hen that leaves her nest after a few days' sitting because she does not hear the chirp of chicks is something like the merchant who quits advertising after the first few "throws" because his first calls haven't filled his store with clamoring customers.—Jed Scarboro.

An Editorial Appeal.

The wind bloweth,
The water floweth,
The subscriber oweth,
And the Lord knoweth
We are in need of your dues.
So come a-runnin;
This thing of dunnin
Gives us the blues.
—Catlettsburg (Ky.) Democrat.

The swallow has a larger mouth, in proportion to its size, than any other bird. He needs it too, for he does all his feeding on the wing, and a big mouth is a great convenience.

Providence conceals itself in the details of human affairs, but becomes unveiled in the generalities of history.—Lamartine.

God, Not Chance.

Inaudible voices call us, and we go;
Invisible hands restrain us, and we stay;
Forces unfelt by our dull senses sway
Our wavering wills and hedge us in the way
We call our own, because we do not know.
We creep reluctant through Pain's darkened room
To greet life's dearest Joy the other side;
We linger, laughing, where the ways divide
Saying, "So choose I," while we front, blind eyed,
Danger's red signal, yea, black, imminent doom!
We knock impatient on Tomorrow's door,
Behind which Sorrow sits; nor evermore
Shall anything be as it was before.
Nor sweet To day's unheeded rose rebloom.
Are we, then, slaves of ignorant circumstance?
Nay, God forbid! We have the heavenly Guide,
The lamp of life, the way both sure and tried,
If we but walk therein, nor stray outside.
God holds the world, not blind, unreasoning chance!
—Independent.

The Dead Humorist.

Here lies the dust of him who gave
To every man a cup of mirth;
Approach, and drop upon his grave
The tears he always stanched on earth.
—Chicago Record.

Come to the woods and see
How in the warm, wet, sunny mist of morn
Green leaves, like thoughts in dreamful hours are born
And in the mist birds pipe on every tree.

Worth Mentioning.

Very serviceable summer gowns are made of finely checked taffeta silks of three or four colors, with plain skirts and simple full waists, with a deep fancy collar of lace.

The tourmaline and diamond afford a two stone ring at a comparatively small cost.

For carrying in one's pocket are folding scissors with silver handles.

The new chatelaine bag, made of various kinds of fancy cloths and showing silver mounts, is a thing for ease as well as beauty.

Knit purses, with flat, round clasps of gold or silver, are deservedly popular, they are so easily carried in the palm of the hand.

THE BETHEL OF TO-DAY.

BY E. M. SIMPSON.

"To him who in the love of Nature holds communion with her visible forms," the towns that nestle among the Maine hills will always have a lingering charm. The tranquility of their summer months, once experienced, is not soon forgotten; and the crisp sparkle of their winter weather is none the less enjoyable. Rare days are those that one may spend among them, when the drifted snow lies high above the fence-tops and the sunshine wooes old winter into the melting mood of a January thaw, when the sleigh-bells jingle up and down as the sleighs dash by and the very keenness of the air gives zest to living. Rare days, too, from early May when the trees grow green upon the hillsides and the spring breezes drift the odor of apple blossoms across the fields and through the village streets, until both leaves and fruitage fall before the autumn gales. Rare days, I repeat, from the season when the New Year comes to the moment when the last stroke of the old clock on the stairs, still treasured as an heir-loom, announces his departure. To be just such a typical town is Bethel's pride and boast. So far as the population may be said to have a local creed, it runs as follows: That Maine is the best state in the Union; that Oxford County is the finest part of Maine; and then, modestly enough, that Bethel is the banner town of Oxford County. There is a strong opinion current in the town that it has better water, purer air, a more delightful scenery, and more advantages in general, than any of its neighbors. And it is well that this is so. I, for one, believe in a man's having faith in himself, in his town, and in his country. It may be that local enthusiasm finds in the water brought from Chapman brook, qualities of which its finny inhabitants the trout never dreamed. What with the fisherman's wiles it certainly does not ensure long life to the fish, more's the pity! As to the air, it seems hard to believe that the winds that blow down along the Androscoggin gain an added tone and vigor after escaping from the boundaries of Gilead into Bethel territory and at once lose it upon re-passing the town line at Hanover or Rumford. Yet even this may be a statement that the village oracles can explain, for let the writer of early recollections of Bethel take notice that, even now the breed of public wiseacres still flourishes in the town. It were worse than indiscreet, however, to repeat here their utterances of but yesterday. Sometime, perhaps, when another fifty years are gone, we may be allowed to raise a public laugh over these, would be philosophers of the present day. But explain these enthusiastic assertions as you will, a fondness for the place grows, even upon those who, like myself, are strangers born and bred. Situated in the wide winding valley of the Androscoggin, flanked by the rough hills and peaks of Oxford County, with broad intervales stretching up and down the river on either side, it is a delightful spot. Green fields, plots of tillage ground, clustering houses, cradled in the hollows; then the subdued brown of pasture lands reaching upward; and lastly, encircling all, the vast sweep of the mountains, range after range, where the shadows come and go, as the mist of a summer rain drives in somber gloom across ravine and ridge alike, or the succeeding burst of sunshine plays in varied beauty on the interwoven foliage of birch and maple set off by the darker colors of fir and hemlock and pine.

Amid such surroundings, at a point that is a natural center, Bethel Hill village is built upward from the river upon rising ground. It is not a manufacturing village, spite of the chair factory with its noon-day whistle and thriving trade. To be sure, the old mill sites are still occupied, as they have been since the early settlers time, and the mills turn out their annual product of spool stock year after year.

Still it is not, in the modern sense, a manufacturing village. There is no foreign element gathered on its outskirts; no hideous row of corporation tenements, filthy from over crowding; no sharp contrast between poverty and wealth. But there is a quiet dignity in the broad streets overarched by long lines of elms, a look of prosperous well-being about the neatly kept homes. It is an old Academy town, and has, consequently, its own appreciation of intellectual and social life. Intelligent self-respect has set the standard for all that is best. Many a poor boy has received his first start in life from the kindly recognition and encouragement of his efforts to make his way through the open doors of the Academy and out into a broader manhood beyond. Many a man will leave his business or profession at this hundredth anniversary in Bethel history, to bear witness to the grand training derived from early associations in his native town. Such is Bethel, richest always in New England's best productions, men and women, happy in its simple rounds of pleasure, content to keep its place among the hills, with the clear blue sky above it and nature's purest and most generous treasures lavished at its feet. Such is Bethel. Would you learn to know it as its own people know and love it? Then you must certainly learn something of its environments. To that end, drive over the old toll bridge in the early coolness of a mid-summer morning, and on down the bending shore of the Androscoggin. Mark the dimpling curl of the water as it flows silently by beneath silvery birches that stand out over it from the high banks above. Glance across to the opposite shore where, amid broad fields of waving grass, the finest elm of the whole town raises itself in conscious symmetry and strength. Let the simple, restful grace of hill and meadow and river once cast its spell upon you, and memory will long be busied with the scene.

Better still, stroll over to Sun-set Rock some afternoon and look back at the village as it straggles up the slope on which it stands. Facing farther to the right, follow the graceful curves of the river until they lose themselves up the valley, in that far distance beyond which can be seen the overlapping summits of the Presidential range. Should the view tempt you, push on up the uneven side of Farwell mountain to the top and stand there, while the darkness meets the day. Stand there as the writer has stood, while the pink and purple glory of the sunset fades into deepest blue, while the shadows gather slowly over the village and the peaceful farms below, and creep even higher until even the sharp outlines of the mountain peaks grow dim against the sky. Stand there until the whole wide universe seems dissolved in darkness and you yourself, amid the soft sobbing of the pines in the rising night wind, left alone. Just one scene more. In October, when the soft glow of Indian summer has spread itself over the landscape, climb Mount Abram, trenching somewhat upon Greenwood soil. As you ascend, the smaller elevations sink into insignificance and a low basin of land lies before you, bounded on the north and west by the highest mountains of the whole region. The autumn foliage is in the full burst of splendor. On the neighboring heights individual trees draw the attention, and blaze out defiantly in gold and crimson as if to challenge the admiration of the beholder; but farther away all finer outlines vanish and only the general effect remains. The earth seems carpeted in tints of marvellous richness, tapestried in the most intricate designs, covered as it were, by a vast fabric of woven colors, green and olive, red and orange and brown, a fabric that rolls from east to west and from north to south in unbroken beauty. Amid such surroundings, and helped by the study self-reliance derived from simple, out-door, country life, Bethel may well continue in the future as in the past, sending out men of character and ability to represent her in the wider activities of the world at large. And so, when another century has rolled by, may her gathered sons still have reason to be yet prouder of their native town.

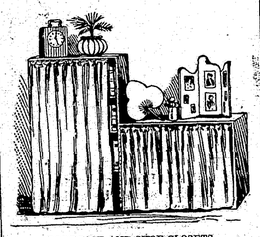
SETTLER'S SONG.

The settler's song,
Chip-chop, chip-chop,
All day long
It does not stop.
Plough land is made
By slow degrees,
For the axe is laid
To the root of trees.
Maple and beech
And pine and oak—
He levels each
With stroke on stroke.
O'er waters dash
Their death songs are,
Crackle and crash
And thud and jar.
Such songs as these
New life foretell;
And brook and breeze
Sing, all is well.

Israel Jordan.

For a Girl's Bedroom.

Where economy of space is a consideration the combination bookcase and shoe cupboard will be found useful. It is made of two empty boxes, one set horizontally against one upright. These are joined together with screws and four brass plates—two at the back and two underneath the boxes. Saw the lids of the cases to form shelves—probably one for the horizontal box, for shoes, and two for the upright box or bookcase. These shelves are easily fixed by supporting each with a couple of pieces of wood, glued or nailed beneath. Paint with enamel—sage green is a very good color if it will harmonize with your surroundings—and finish the edges neatly with a little gold beading. When ordering it, take the measurements of your boxes and get the carpenter to mitre it for you at the corners. Then all you have to do is to fix it up with stout needles, such as are used for picture frames. Each box is finished with a little silk curtain run on to a cane or stick of bamboo, which is supported by a couple of brass hooks fixed at the top corners of the boxes. You will find the curtains will fall heavier and keep out the dust better if they are lined with holland or twill.



BOOKCASE AND SHOE CLOSETS.

GRAND TRUNK RY.
SYSTEM.

Time Table in Effect Feb, 17, 1896.

Trains Eastward.

Stations.		Express, No. 4.	Express No. 2,	Express No. 6.
			pm	am
GORHAM	Arr.	8 15am		
	Lve.	8 35	12 57	12 00
Shelburne		8 46	1 06	12 11
Gilead		8 59	1 15	12 21
West Bethel		9 12	1 25	12 38
BETHEL		9 21	1 31	12 50
Locke's Mills		9 31	1 39	12 49
Bryant Pond		9 40	3 45	5 55
West Paris		9 55	3 55	6 06
South Paris		10 13	4 08	6 25
PORTLAND		12 15 pm	5 30	8 25
BOSTON (B. M.)		4 45	9 20	12 49pm

Trains Westward.

Stations.		Express. No. 3.	Express. No. 1.	Express No. 9.
GORHAM	Arr.	11 05a m	5 25 pm	8 45 pm
	Lve.	11 10	5 45	
Berlin Falls		11 23 am	5 59	9 05
Copperville		11 40	6 10	
West Milan		11 48	6 20	
Crystal			6 25	
Percy		11 59	6 30	
Stark		12 04 pm	6 34	
Groveton		12 15	6 45	
Stratford Hol		12 23	6 54	
M C R R Cross			7 01	
N. Stratford		12 40	7 11	
Wenlock			7 28	
East Brighton			7 35	
Island Pond		1 35	9 45	
Montreal		6 50 pm	9 00 am	
Levis (arr)			10 50	
CHICAGO		9 10	1 50 pm	

¶ Daily, except Monday.
f Stop only on signal.
No. 1 has Pulman Sleeping Car Portland to Montreal, Montreal to Chicago
No. 3 has Pulman Buffet Parlor car between Portland and Montreal, also Pulman Buffet Sleeping car between Montreal and Chicago.

W. E. DAVIS, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agt.
29yc CHAS. M. HAYES, Genl. Manager.

H. C. BARKER,
— Manufacturers Agent, Dealer in —
Doors, Sashes
Window Blinds.
FOOT OF HIGH ST., - BETHEL, MAINE

C. L. DAVIS,
General Trucking and Dealer in
COAL, ICE, &c.
Trucking of every kind promptly attended to. Orders to be left at house.
C. L. DAVIS,
MAIN STREET, - - BETHEL, MAINE

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Actual business by mail and common carrier at
The Shaw BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND College
PORTLAND and Augusta, Me.
F. L. SHAW, PRINCIPAL. - PORTLAND.

N. F. BROWN,
— Dealer in —
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Paints. Oils, Etc.
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STANDARD ORCHESTRA
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(6 TO 8 PIECES.)
Up to date music furnished for all occasions, Public or Private, Terms Reasonable.

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I might have saved two or three dollars by buying of

YOUNG

This is what they all have to admit when they buy a harness before getting my prices.
I have the largest and most complete stock to be found of all kinds of
HORSE, CARRIAGE & STABLE
SUPPLIES.
YOUNG'S Harness Store.

MESSENGER'S NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE SHERIFF OF OXFORD COUNTY.
STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss:—May 20th, A. D. 1896.

This is to give notice, that on the 20th day of May, A. D. 1896, a warrant in Insolvency was issued out of the Court of Insolvency for said County of Oxford, against the estate of NEWELL B. ANNAS of Bethel,

adjudged to be an Insolvent Debtor, on petition of said debtor, which petition was filed on the 15th day of May, A. D. 1896, to which last named date interest on claims is to be computed; that the payment of any debts and the delivery and transfer of any property belonging to said debtor, to him or for his use, and the delivery and transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the Creditors of said Debtor, to prove their debts and choose one or more Assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Insolvency, to be holden at Paris in said county, on the third Wednesday of June, A. D. 1896, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

Given under my hand the date first above written.

MILTON PENLEY, Deputy Sheriff,
As Messenger of the Court of Insolvency, for said County of Oxford.

RESIDENCE OF G. A.

GOODWIN R. WILEY.

Mr. Wiley is a son of Dr. Robert G. Wiley, and is a skillful and painstaking druggist and pharmacist.

He was born in Bethel January 13, 1846. Was educated at Gould's Academy, and at Edward Little Institute, Lewiston, and graduated from the Eastman Commercial College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and also took a partial course in medicine at the Maine Medical school. He began the drug business in Bethe in 1869, and has proved to be a very capable business man. He has been town clerk four years, is clerk of the Village Corporation, secretary of the trustees of Gould's Academy, and clerk of the Bethel Dairying Company. He is a prominent Mason, and has held the second highest office in the Grand Lodge. In 1891 was commissioned Grand Representative from the Grand Lodge of Victoria to the Grand Lodge of Maine. Was appointed post master in 1893, and was reappointed presidential post master, August, 1894, for four years.

He built the elegant house below the Academy which he now occupies, in 1875. Was married in October, 1869, to Matilda Olive, daughter of Newton Swift. They have four children, Arthur, who graduated from Bowdoin College in '95, and is now principal of Norway High school, Howard, Bertha May and Gladys Rose.

Mr. Wiley makes a very efficient post master, having one of the cleanest, best arranged offices in the county.

Mr. Barker is on the parade committee for the Centennial celebration, and has done much toward carrying the project through.

USES OF A PIECE OF STRING.

Of Importance to the Woodsman In Many Emergencies, Both Big and Little.

A piece of string is often of great value to a hunter or fisherman. Stout string, such as is used to tie up heavy bundles, is most valuable. Some sportsmen put a piece of string at a higher value than any other single part of the camp outfit—apart, of course, from the implements of sport.

If the fishing rod breaks, the string mends it again. If the suspenders break, the string ties the ends together. Should the gunstock break, the string is invaluable. If a pack basket strap fails, a string takes its place. A tear in a tent is sewed up with string. Game is hung up out of reach of animals with string. A lost man makes snares out of string and catches birds and rabbits enough to keep him from going hungry. Likewise a stout string will serve as a fishline in the absence of regular tackle. If the chain is lost, the dog may be led with a string. A boat can be anchored with a rock and cord.

In the absence of a string a substitute is made by cutting a strip as long as needed from a deer hide off which the hair has been taken. The woodsmen prefer a rawhide string to all others, because it is much stronger, if properly cut, and the woodsman is very expert in cutting the string of even strength. Where the hide is thin he cuts a broad strip; where it is thick he cuts a narrow one. He prefers horsehide to buckskin, and a buck's skin is better than a doe's.

A raft is easily made with a string and three or six logs, according to the size, and many a skin boat is sewed with rawhide strings. With a piece of string in his pocket no man need starve or lack for sport, though lost and 40 miles from anybody. He can break off a hemlock branch, make a bow, use a slender sapling for an arrow, and shoot his game as the Indians did. If he has a jackknife, so much the better, but the string alone will do. Fire may be started in an unraveled string by striking sparks into it from two hard rocks. A very important use of a string is stopping the flow of blood from a wound. A strip of bark, with a round stone to press into the artery, and a string to tie tight over the bark, has saved many lives and will save more. The strip of bark prevents the string from cutting the flesh. In case of a broken leg a bark sheaf and a string keep the bones in place.—New York Sun.

Tree Pruning.

Trees should be trimmed judiciously and sparingly, but not year after year dwarfed and mutilated till they lose their character of trees.

Keep It Going.

Ah, they are wise who advertise
In winter, spring and fall!
But wiser yet are they, you bet,
Who don't let up at all.

—Printers' Ink.

GOOD ROADS BENEFITS.

The Profits Do Not All Go to the Farmer. City and Town Also Gain.

Whenever the farmer is prosperous, every one partakes of his prosperity, and it is of the highest interest to every nation in its strife for preeminence that in its struggles it occasionally touches the ground and gains new strength, and it can do this only by fostering to the greatest degree the interests of the cultivators of the soil, says a writer in The Industrial World. That shortsightedness which fails to perceive that manufactures must depend upon agriculture is to be remedied by putting on the glasses with which history is read.

There is no way in which the farmers' interests can be better subserved than by improving the roads over which they carry their products to market and return with the products of the manufacturers. It is evident that the products of the one have as much need of good roads as those of the other.

Macaulay says that "the chief cause which made the fusion of the different elements of society so imperfect was the difficulty our ancestors had in passing from one place to another. The chief cause of the badness of the roads seems to have been the defective state of the law. Every parish was bound to repair the highways which passed through it. That a route connecting two great towns should be maintained at the cost of the rural population is obviously unjust."

We now have trunk lines of railways connecting the populous cities, but the traffic is not all from city to city. What, indeed, have the cities to exchange with each other but the things brought to them in one shape or another from the country? What do these congregated people do, who find employment where they live together, except to work and transform material which is brought in from the country? And all this material has its cost increased by all the difficulties and obstacles to transportation. The marketed products of the surrounding country go over common roads to reach the railroads so that all along the great lines the country roads bring their freight.

RESIDENCE OF W. R. CHAPMAN.

H. C. BARKER.

H. CLINTON BARKER.

The Barkers were among the early settlers of Bethel, and have been prominent in the history of the town. H. C. Barker was the youngest child of Francis Barker, and was born in 1842; has always resided in town. He married Ellen M. Frost, of Upton, in 1865, and they have two children, Evangeline and Bennie F. He has a comfortable home on High street, and has a shop at the foot of the same street. Is manufacturer's agent for doors, windows, blinds, etc.

He was a member and corporal of Company G, 30th Maine Regiment. Has been town constable for the past six years, and turnkey of Bethel lock-up.

E. B. SHAW.

E. B. SHAW.

Mr. E. B. Shaw, the third selectman for the town of Bethel the present year, was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1853. He moved to Bethel in 1870, and lives on a farm near West Bethel village. He is an industrious, public spirited man, and has served on the board of selectmen one year previous to this one; he has also been on the school board two years. He is unmarried.

Give Attention to Business.

Set an example of devotion to business by attending strictly to it during business hours. In this way its importance cannot fail to be impressed upon those in your employ. Work first and play afterward.—Shoe and Leather

FOR MUTUAL BENEFIT

HOW TO FORM A VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

Success Is Reasonably Certain if a Right Start Is Made—United Effort Essential. Beauty and Neatness Have a Real Value. Awaken Public Spirit.

Town improvement is an object worthy the best endeavors of all good citizens, not alone from an æsthetic standpoint, but also for the real benefits secured. John Gilmer Speed in The Ladies' Home Journal gives the results of a long experience and close observation in the work of village improvement and in the formation of village improvement societies.

In every instance of which I have knowledge the most lovely of the villages and towns in the United States have acquired that part of their beauty not purely natural through the voluntary co-operation of the residents. This voluntary co-operation has also contributed to neatness, thrift and prosperity. As a general thing such results have been brought about through the work of village improvement societies, and in this article I propose to tell how such organizations can be started with a fair prospect of success. A certain proportion of the village improvement societies that are started fail to accomplish anything worth while and then silently fade out of existence, leaving the villages in which such failures have been achieved worse off, if anything, than before the effort. I have assisted in the formation of several such societies. Some of them have succeeded; some have failed. I believe that, with my experience in this kind of work, I can tell with considerable sureness almost immediately after organization whether a new society will succeed or fail.

Now, when one person concludes or two or three or more decide to embark in the enterprise of starting a village improvement society, what is the first step to be taken? My advice is: Let them enter into correspondence with a person of experience in such matters and if their means justify it engage that person to deliver a lecture to the people on the subject of village improvement and at the same time make suggestions as to the needs of the particular village. This being done, let them call a free public meeting to hear this lecturer and have this meeting and lecture announced in all the churches. Then they should talk up the question among the people, securing, if possible, the interest of all the leaders of public opinion. But none should be left out, for enthusiastic assistance and wise counsel often come from the most unexpected sources. Then it should be arranged that some person of local distinction and of commanding prominence in the community gifted with readiness of speech should call the meeting to order and introduce the lecturer or chief speaker of the evening.

Before the meeting, however, eight or ten of those who have responded most heartily to these advances should get together in a preliminary or committee meeting and arrange as exactly as possible the order of proceedings. Without this the first meeting, upon which very much depends, is sure to drag. At this committee meeting a simple constitution should be drafted and committees agreed upon to nominate the officers and also propose the constitution. After the lecturer is through with his remarks some one previously agreed upon should move the immediate formation of a village improvement society upon the lines the lecturer had suggested, and also that the chair appoint a committee of three to report a constitution. This committee will be ready to report at once, and the constitution will surely be adopted. The constitution being adopted, the election of officers is in order, and I recommend that a constitution should provide for a president, vice president, treasurer and secretary, and that these officers together with three other members should constitute the executive committee. Upon the selection of these officers, and especially the president, the whole success of the society will surely depend.

When the officers have been elected and installed, some member fluent of speech and popular in manner should move that a specified day be set apart as the first labor day of the society; that on that day all the men and teams in the village should congregate to work under the direction of the executive committee, and that the ladies of the society should provide a picnic luncheon for the workers that day. Such a resolution will be carried with enthusiasm, and the audience will then look alert and interested. Then a committee on membership should be moved and appointed and another committee on subscriptions. Cards should be prepared for those who wish to join to sign, and these should be passed around the audience. Later the committee on membership should circulate these cards about the neighborhood. Money subscriptions should be asked from the people of means in the village or neighborhood, and pretty nearly all of them will respond. The constitution should provide for monthly meetings, and the first labor day should be selected on a date previous to the next meeting. Then the executive committee should arrange what work shall be attempted on the first day. This should be the work that is most obviously needed and that which when done will show. The beginning is the great thing. It is supremely important that the work be started right.

In some untidy villages the whole of the first labor day might be given to cleaning up; in others the sidewalks might be put in better order or pieces of new sidewalk constructed. In nearly every village it would be a good thing to put the grounds and fences of the public schoolhouse in order. But there are always very obvious needs everywhere before the advent of the village improver. But what is done that day should be done with some thoroughness, and the noonday luncheon is apt to infest the day with some of the characteristics of a festival. Provision should be made in the preliminary arrangements for this first labor day that if the day be rainy another stated day be set apart. All the plans for this day should be thought out and all of them carried out. What is done will be discussed in every house of the village, and the achievements will inspire confidence or provoke criticism. Even though a great deal should be done on this first day, the society may still fail for lack of staying power in the controlling spirits.

The controlling spirits will naturally be the executive committee. Of this committee the president will naturally be the leader. If he or she has not energy, enthsiasm, patience, public spirit, some measure of wisdom and great self control allied to entire unselfishness, then the society is pretty sure to fail. No one not conscious of the spirit and capacity thus indicated should accept such an office. It will not always be a picnic, like the first day; but, on the contrary, there will be a time of discouragement among the weakkneed and revolt on the part of the reactionaries. Then the president must bolster up the one and suppress the other.

Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia.
Ripans Tabules cure inflamation.
Ripans Tabules cure biliousness.
Ripans Tabules cure constipation.

W. R. CHAPMAN.

W. S. WIGHT.

For sixteen years Prof. Wight has been a popular and successful teacher of vocal music in conventions, choirs, and singing schools.

He was born in Bethel, and has achieved an enviable reputation all over the state, and especially in

northern Aroostook. He is a graduate of Holt's Normal Institute of Boston, and has directed Convention and Institute concerts in all the New England states, and in New York, New Jersey, and the Provinces.

CHARLES M. KIMBALL.

Charles Mellen Kimball was born in Bethel, Feb. 24th, 1839, and educated in the common schools. At the age of eighteen, in the year of 1857, he went to California, where he remained about four years, working in the gold mines. Since then he has resided on the homestead farm, situated at East Bethel, which was settled by his grandfather, Samuel Kimball, about the year 1800. Mr. Kimball has always had an interest for the welfare of his native town. He

has served as one of the selectmen of Bethel nine years, and was a member of the House of Representatives two years; he has also served as one of the Republican town committee, and held various other town offices. He was ever interested in the matter of education and is now one of the school committee. He has a farm of about 175 acres, consisting of intervale land, woodland, pasture land, etc. He is a progressive farmer and enjoys his occupation.

Shell Roads Are Better Than Mud.

Our residence streets may be covered with a heavy layer of oyster shells at a cost of about 75 cents a yard. The shells make a very good roadway, suitable for light traffic. The repairs are heavy at first. After a year or so of careful attention, however, the cost is much reduced. The Register prefers permanent paving, of course, but is willing to accept anything in preference to the mud and sand most of the outlying streets are surfaced with. The shells are near at hand. What has been done in the use of them here is satisfactory, although requiring shortly a general renewal. It would be a distinction to have Mobile's residence streets white with shells, instead of being, as now, black with mud.—Mobile Register.

Want Better Highways.

The subject of good roads has recently taken firm hold in the public mind, and advance steps to secure improvement in this important direction have been taken in many sections both of this and neighboring states. It does indeed begin to look as if the people had determined to no longer remain content with thoroughfares which were at once a disgrace to them and a severe tax upon all their forms of industry. They have been slow to move in the matter, but now that they have we believe that the work will be done thoroughly and right.—Exchange.

Ripans Tabules cure biliousness.
Ripans Tabules cure sick headache.

WILLIAM R. CHAPMAN.

Mr. William Rogers Chapman, the well known musical director of New York, was a Bethel boy, and as he owns a house and farm in our village where he spends his summers, he may be called a resident of Bethel, and one of whom we can be justly proud, a short sketch of his career may be interesting at this time.

He was born on August 4th, 1855, at Hanover, Mass. His father was a minister and held prominent pastorates in Boston and New York. He was born and raised in Bethel, and his father, Timothy Chapman, was one of the first settlers of the town. The Rev. Mr. Chapman died when his son William was an infant, and the boy lived until he was twelve years old, in Bethel. From his mother he inherited a wonderful talent for music, which he has developed by study so that he holds an enviable place and reputation among the best musicians of the land. He is a self-made man of genius.

In 1877 Mr. Chapman was engaged as organist at the Church of the Covenant, and during his long term of service there, was able to secure many young singers who have since become popular soloists. In 1889 he accepted the position of organist and choir-master in the Madison Ave. Reformed Church—Dr. A. E. Kittredge, pastor. His work as organist is satisfactory and praiseworthy, and as choir drill-master he has no equal.

For ten years Mr. Chapman taught music in twelve of the public schools, instructing more than 50,000 children in sight reading, but this arduous work he has given up as so many other duties now claim his attention and time.

Mr. Chapman is also well known as a composer. His church music has been sung all over the country, and his part songs written for his various societies are always favorites. His ballads are popular, his instrumental music is brilliant and difficult. Mr. Chapman is, however, best known to the general public as an organizer and conductor. This is his special forte and here he is pre-eminently successful. *Apollo* of men's voices and the *Rubenstein* Club of women's voices are well known in musical and social circles. The former club is generally recognized as one of the best of the many clubs recently established for men's voices, while the *Rubenstein* is unquestionably the finest club of its kind in the world, containing as it does nearly all the leading sopranos and contraltos in New York. Mr. Chapman is a very busy man, conducting several choral societies in and about New York City, which keep him engaged every evening from October to May. They are the Rubenstein and Apollo of New York, the Rubenstein of Poughkeepsie, the Gounod Society of Hackensack, the St. Cecilia of Hudson, the Catskill Choral of Catskill, and the Trinity Choral of New Rochelle. Mr. Chapman has done a great deal for American music and musicians. He rarely gives a programme which does not give one or more new works by American composers. His labors have been indefatigable, his energy and perseverance untiring. His genius and ability have won for himself the respect and admiration, and he has earned for himself the reputation which he holds today as the leading choral conductor of our country. Theodore Thomas recognized this when he invited Mr. Chapman and his chorus to co-operate with the Philharmonic Society in the production of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony several years ago, and during the past winter Anton Seidl, the present conductor of the Philharmonic, engaged Mr. Chapman and his choral forces for a repetition of this difficult masterpiece. Mr. Chapman displayed great ability in handling a mammoth chorus of over 1,000 voices at the last Patti Festival in the Madison Square Garden Ampitheatre. He has received valuable autograph letters from world renowned celebrities, which are highly complimentary and which we would be glad to publish did space permit.

No Wonder the People
Like to trade at our store.

ONE REASON
is because they can buy suits that suit them. Another reason is that we are willing to accept a small profit and make the lowest prices. Low prices are quick travelers. They are not forgotten. They set people to talking and our store grows in popularity. If you want

STYLE AND DURABILITY
at low cost, you should see our line of new clothing for Summer wear. Our sack suits are made from worsted, Cassimeres and cheviots and are suitable for business or dress. Fine grades, perfect make, nasty patterns and moderate prices are the prominent points in our clothes.

OUR BOYS CLOTHING
is full of style and value. A big assortment to select from. Bring in the boys just as they are, we'll send them back properly clothed. Have you seen our Straw Hats?

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CLOTHING & GENTS FURNISHINGS.
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OUR JUNE MARK DOWN.
Some great Bargains for the Coming Month.

500 YDS. OF ALL WOOL SUMMER DRESS GOODS AT 25c. PER YD, REGULAR PRICE 50 CENTS.

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CAPES AND JACKETS
at a mark down price that will sell them in a few days.

50 Fine White Bed Spreads at Regular Price 75c. 50c.

MERRITT WELCH,
NORWAY - ME.

YOU READ THE NEWS?

Done up Brown
for '96

You will surely be badly done up if you do not ride a good wheel.

Dampman,	$75.00.
Brownie,	65.00.
Brandywine,	50.00.

These are Business Bicycles, built to ride and more than worth the money. Write to

F. M. DAMPMAN CYCLE COMPANY,
1227 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

HOME COMFORTS
ROLL OF HONOR.

Three Gold Medals and a Silver Medal, The World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition, New Orleans, 1884-5.

Diploma, Alabama State Agricultural Society, at Montgomery, 1888.

Highest Awards, 25th Annual Fair. S. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical tssociation, 1889.

Highest Award, Western Fair Association, London, Canada, 1893.

Highest Awards, Nebraska State Board of Agriculture, '87.

Awards. Chattahoochee Valley Exposition, Columbus, Georgia, 1888.

Six Highest Awards. World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago 1893.

Six Gold Medals, California Mid-winter Fair, at San Francisco, 1894.

What Home People Say:

Rupert, Vt., Aug. 3, 1892.
Mr. C. A. Day, Supt.
Dear Sir:—Some little time ago we purchased a Home Comfort Range from one of your wagons and find it just as represented by Mr. Jones. We have never used a stove or range we liked so well. It is a splendid baker and heats up very quickly, and in the use of wood is very economical. Wishing you further success, we are
Yours respectfully,
Mr. and Mrs. F. Sheldon.

East Salem, N. Y., Aug. 3, 1895.
Gentlemen:—This is to certify that we have purchased of Lee S. Kinter a Home Comfort range, and we find it just as sold in every particular. It is a splendid baker and good cooker. We can highly recommend our range to anyone wishing to purchase a range. We would not take $100. for our range if we could not get another of the same kind. Respectfully,
Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Danforth.

East Arlington, Vt., Aug. 5, 1895.
To whom it may concern:—This is to certify that I have purchased a Home Comfort range and will say it answers the recommendations given by the agent selling the ranges, is a good baker and find it a very convenient stove to do work with.
Mrs. D. G. Barney.

Bennington, Vt., Aug. 2, 1895.
We are pleased to say that the Home Comfort suits us in every particular. The agent was a good talker who sold it to us, but he couldn't talk good enough to tell the merits of the range. It is a small fuel consumer. We can do a baking with one stick of hard wood, and it is the most even baker we ever used.
Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Morse.

South Bloomfield, N. Y., Aug. 3.
Having used the Home Comfort range for two years, I can most heartily recommend it to any of my friends as being the best range known, I believe; a perfect baker, and not consuming one-half the fuel my old stove did.
Very truly yours,
Mrs. H. M. Fisher.

Bennington, Vt., Aug. 2, 1895.
We purchased one of the Home Comfort ranges July 6, and we are pleased to say that it is everything the name implies, "Home Comfort." It is an elegant baker, small fuel consumer, and a first-class heater, and suits in every way.
Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Evans.

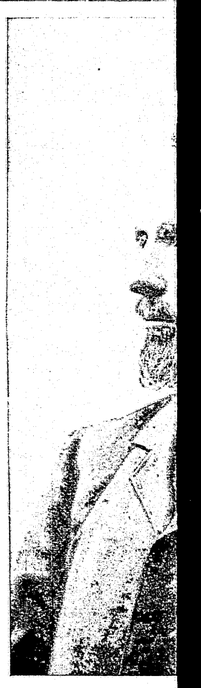
MANUFACTURED BY
Wrought Iron Range Co. St. Louis, Mo.
C. A. DAY AGENT, Lovejoy House Bethel, Me.

Written for the NEWS.

EARLY RECOLLECT OF BETHEL.

BY A. S. TWITCHELL.

My earlies' lections o extending to the tin a centur when in t tle oldred house on street, I the A. H life, amid scenes so differen those of today, though dim earlier time, are fraught w many pleasant memories, a the increasing years in th tant past, and coming ne the present, they grow mo more distinct until I can now imagine myself again in th of my birth, and enjoying a was bright and beautiful boyhood days. I was kn "Ephraim," and as I recall "; "Bruz," "Major" and "Youn playmates of my youth, a living and in the enjoyn every needful blessing, thei names all forgotten save i old time memories, I an again in the old home, at s the old red house, advanced Gould's classic halls, an struggling for knowledge, o way of escape from the I righteous wrath for deviltr mitted, and living over ag memory the happy days youth, the only regret bein they were not better im How well I remember "E Frye, whose little office corner was the place wh were told we should be pu for all our wickedness, and we avoided in our way to an our homes when conscience cowards of us all; the old house, where it took a little ing and more courage to tea unruly boys and girls in b and in books, and where Mason, in shirt sleeves and and with deadly weapons



sight, impressed upon our and bodies his system of i tion; the old tavern at the the hill, where my forefa dwelt, and the mill and ta at the foot, between whic coasted in winter and which "Steve" an inspiration to wr only composition ever force him at school, which was l to the Doctor in these classic "As I was coming up the hill,

I met the widow Pettengill.
I stopped to speak with her.

Isn't this good composition, s

I recall also the "Pinnacle," times called "Paradise," wh used to go in happy compa search of beechnuts, an "Russell Ledge," where M found us gathering sweet flowers and crowning some sweeter girls the Queen of the lyceum where on Wed evenings we met at "Old G and discussed the living qu of the day, such as: "Re That Intemperance is a g curse than Slavery," "That punishment ought to be abol "That women have more in in society than men," "Th treatment of the Indians wa justifiable," "That truth is st than fiction," and "That wh is, is right," and how we str for the decision of the u who sat as judge and j decide which side won i debate. No more earnest sp were ever heard in the h Congress, and if they we always clothed in the c language, confined strictly subject under discussion or best of grammar, they we best efforts, and if they won besides the decision of the u the approval of our best gi were supremely happy. Academy was in the height prosperity, and among the popular schools in New En one hundred and fifty st coming from all sections often registered, and the na Dr. True was everywhere a hold word; but how we tri

Written for the NEWS.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF BETHEL.

BY A. S. TWITCHELL.

MY earliest recollections of Bethel extending back to the time, half a century ago, when in the little oldred schoolhouse on Main street, I began the A. B. C. of life, amid scenes so different from those of today, though dim in the earlier time, are fraught with so many pleasant memories, as with the increasing years in that distant past, and coming nearer to the present, they grow more and more distinct until Ican now almost imagine myself again in the home of my birth, and enjoying all that was bright and beautiful in my boyhood days. I was known as "Ephraim," and as I recall "Bundy" "Bruz," "Major" and "Young Ned," playmates of my youth, all still living and in the enjoyment of every needful blessing, their nicknames all forgotten save in these old time memories, I am back again in the old home, at school in the old red house, advanced to old Gould's classic halls, and there struggling for knowledge, or some way of escape from the Doctor's righteous wrath for deviltry committed, and living over again in memory the happy days of my youth, the only regret being that they were not better improved. How well I remember "Esquire" Frye, whose little office on the corner was the place where we were told we should be punished for all our wickedness, and which we avoided in our way to and from our homes when conscience made cowards of us all; the old schoolhouse, where it took a little learning and more courage to teach the unruly boys and girls in behavior and in books, and where Mighill Mason, in shirt sleeves and slippers and with deadly weapons ever in patience, and at one time, when divided between "Codfish" and "Aristocracy," the poor man's patience was well nigh exhausted by the quarrels which nearly broke up the term. I was "Codfish" then, and somehow the scales which grew upon me in that memorable campaign have kept me something of a codfish ever since, showing how strongly our early associations impress themselves upon us and mark our course in life. And here, while speaking of the old Academy and our school life there, I cannot but record my loving tribute to the memory of Dr. True, whose life and work in Bethel was so closely connected for so many years with the highest and best interests of the town, and there are but few of all those who in youth resided there who cannot credit to him some praise for his good teachings and for their success in life.

"The youngest of my class, I know,
'Twas hard sometimes my row to hoe,
But all the way, from end to end,
He was my teacher and my friend.
One day, how well I now recall
The fact, that through the class they all
Had failed to conjugate aright
A latin verb; I looked so bright,
The Doctor thought to shame the rest
By having me recite it best;
The word was STO; I thought I knew it,
To shame the rest I meant to do it;
"STO, STARE, STAVI," "Stop" he said,
That's staving hard for an old head;"
And ever since, while staving through,
I've thought of STO, and STAVI, too;
And oft amid the toil and strife
Around me in the war of life,
Recalling this, though simple freak,
I've tried to think before I speak."

An important event a'ong in the 50's was the building of the railroad, and when the first engine came up over the meadow, previous notice being given, all the town turned out to welcome the coming. We boys had never seen an engine then, and when at last it came steaming up across the bridge over Alder brook, slowly making its way over the untried rails, we kept our distance, as from a ferocious wild beast, and then talked it over and wondered what made the

HON. ALBERT S. TWITCHELL.

sight, impressed upon our minds and bodies his system of instruction; the old tavern at the top of the hill, where my forefathers dwelt, and the mill and tannery at the foot, between which we coasted in winter and which gave "Steve" an inspiration to write the only composition ever forced from him at school, which was handed to the Doctor in these classic words:

"As I was coming up the hill,
I met the widow Pettengill.
I stopped to speak with her.
Isn't this good composition, sir?"

I recall also the "Pinnacle," sometimes called "Paradise," where we used to go in happy company in search of beechnuts, and the "Russell Ledge," where May-day found us gathering sweet Mayflowers and crowning some of the sweeter girls the Queen of May; the lyceum where on Wednesday evenings we met at "Old Gould's" and discussed the living questions of the day, such as: "Resolved, That Intemperance is a greater curse than Slavery," "That capital punishment ought to be abolished," "That women have more influence in society than men," "That our treatment of the Indians was unjustifiable," "That truth is stranger than fiction," and "That whatever is, is right," and how we struggled for the decision of the umpire, who sat as judge and jury to decide which side won in the debate. No more earnest speeches were ever heard in the halls of Congress, and if they were not always clothed in the choicest language, confined strictly to the subject under discussion or to the best of grammar, they were our best efforts, and if they won for us, besides the decision of the umpire, the approval of our best girl, we were supremely happy. The Academy was in the height of its prosperity, and among the most popular schools in New England; one hundred and fifty students, coming from all sections, were often registered, and the name of Dr. True was everywhere a household word; but how we tried his darned thing go. We did not then know the power of steam. All this was before the war, and when the alarm was sounded even the old Academy rang with martial music and patriotic tread. A company was formed, and under Dr. True's instructions we learned to mark time and march to the beating of the drum, and those of us in that little company, who afterwards became real soldiers, had good cause to bless the good Doctor in this, as in all his instructions to us, for the lessons learned in that little company were remembered in camp and field and we were better soldiers, if not better men, because of it all. We had some curious characters also in that olden time to whom the war news as read from store and shop was always the occasion of curious comments. I have heard that on these occasions, and in their presence, the news was not always read strictly as printed, as when for example the "Freedman's Bureau" was first established it was explained to one of these good citizens, who by the way was a strong democrat, that the object of this movement was to give a bureau to every negro, and that Ned Robertson had the contract to furnish them, he was angry beyond the power of suppression of speech, and invoked most bitter curses upon the republicans in general, and Mr. Robertson in particular, for giving bureaus to the "d—d niggers" when he himself did not have a bureau in his possession. Other good stories are told which can be vouched for by quite a number of the older inhabitants now living. At one time, in the midst of a post-office controversy, and about the time that Dan Twitchell was appointed post-master, he was at work one day in the field together with his son, when the question arose between them as to how post-masters were appointed, the son insisting that they were chosen by the people, and the father as earnestly declaring that they were appointed by the supreme court. Waxing hot over the debate, and being unable to settle the question they agreed to leave it to the first man who came along. Soon after a neighbor passing by was hailed by the old gentleman with this question: "Say! Be the postmasters appointed by the people?" "No," said the neighbor, "I do not so understand it." Supposing then, of course, that he was right he turned to the boy and forever settled the question between them thus: "There, you d—d fool! I told you they were appointed by the supreme court." At another time, after a severe rain storm, one of the worst in the history of the town, when the cause of such a storm was under discussion, he wisely explained it thus: "Sich storms are caused by the planets running into each other and this time three of them have come together, making it more severe." Being asked which three they were that could cause so much trouble in a collision, he replied: "The sun, and the arth and—and what in h-l was the other one? Oh! I remember, Cuba." Though unable to read, he was a great reader, and it was his custom to sit down with a paper, and pretending to devour its contents, tell the news to those around him. At one time while thus engaged, but unfortunately with his paper upside down and being asked what the news was, he replied: "They have had a terrible storm at sea, the ships are all up side down." This good man is dead now and gone to his reward, but there are many still living who remember him, especially in war time, and the curious way in which he received and reported much of the war news as he read it, or as it was rehearsed to him. My good grand father, who was the first white child born in Bethel, was a great smoker until within a few years of his death, when he quit it entirely, never afterwards using tobacco in any form. For many years he was hardly ever seen without his pipe in his mouth, and being slow of motion, a local poet, quick to rhyme his thoughts, at one time he was asked to make a rhyme on "uncle Joe" and characterized him as follows, for which he is said to have received the old time glass of grog.

"Uncle Joe goes very slow,
His pipe is always hot;
If he loved rum as well as some,
He'd surely be a sot."

I recollect that he and father at once in cutting wood accidentally got over the line, and upon Capt. Harris's adjoining land where being seen at work by a good neighbor, it was reported to the Captain as a case of trespass. The good Captain after listening to the report and ascertaining who the trespassers were, quickly disposed of the case by saying that it was all right; that "what they might cut would never be missed for it would grow again as fast as they could cut it," intimating, of course, that they were not experts at wood chopping; they managed, however, somehow to keep us warm, and if any of the wood came from over the line, no trouble ever came from it, for the good people were not so particular then as now, and lawyers worked more in their gardens and less in court. Can any of us, except possibly the lawyers, claim that in this respect we are now better off than our forefathers were? This same Capt. Harris was a man also of whom many pleasant things might be written in remembrance. He was not a teeto'aler, nor was he ashamed to have it known; he never drank behind the door, and if overcome by the excessive use of the ardent he knew the boys would take good care of him, for they were all his friends, and that he would be safely carried home, the wheelbarrow being then a convenient and popular mode of his conveyance. He had decided views upon the important questions of the day and never hesitated to express them, and though a trader himself, and oblized to give credit, he held that a man was a fool who would pay his bills, as long as credit would be given him, for in this way he would be able to save his money for use when his credit was gone. He was, nevertheless, a good financier himself and probably he look d out to see that he did not trust those who might agree with him upon the cred t system. In those days the two great political parties were known as Whigs and Democrats, and as now in the contests over the elections, excitement ran high and often times bitter political feelings were engendered. The Capt. was an ardent Whig, always rejoicing in the victories of his party and equally lamenting its defeat. Doctor Moses Mason, another one of Bethel's most prominent old time citizens, and for four years a member of congress, was as ardent a democrat, and though good friends outside of politics, these two men were far apart when the battles for political preferment were being waged. In one election when the Whigs were victorious, the boys, while celebrating the event on the common, loaded the cannon in front of the Doctor's residence prepared to fire it off to the joy of the Whigs, and especially the Capt. and to the great annoyance of the Doctor, who, appearing upon the scene, forbade the firing, giving as a reason, that it would break the window in his house. This for a time put a damper upon the fun, but when it came to the ears of the Capt. he also appeared and, taking in the situation, looking from the gun to the house, exclaimed, "seven by nine glass boys, touch her off." And off it went, the Capt. promptly paying all the bills for the broken glass. Column after column might here be written of these old time reminiscences, which would be interesting and which would happily illustrate the pleasant scenes and sayings in the olden time by those who once walked these streets and whose memory we love, but neither time nor space are mine at this time to enlarge the record, nor does my own memory go back beyond the last half of the century past nor into the more distant time, when many of the most exciting scenes within the century were enacted. It is enough for us to know that from the first settlement in town, though assailed by many hardships and dangers, and enduring the severest trials, our ancestors were brave and true; unlearned it may have been in many things, and unskilled in the modern ways of living and acting, still they were so trained to honest deeds, and innured in honest toil, untrammelled by the foibles and fashions which in later years have brought in many ways two curses to every blessing, that we can well and truly point to them with pride, and boast an ancestry of God's noblest gifts in true men and women. The changes in Bethel as I look over the town and compare the note now taken with those of my earliest memory, are like the waking visions of Rip Van Winkle, and what more must they be to those who can recall its earlier history. I cannot perhaps better express these changing scenes than by copying a few simple lines from those written and delivered in August, 1881, at the centennial anniversary of the attack upon the town by the St. Francis Indians, which occurred August 3rd, 1781.

The old block house is gone, the mill
Which first was built at foot of hill,
The corner stone, the tavern stand,
All, all are gone, so changed the land,
And everything around, 'twould seem
That distant past was all a dream
What wondrous change a hundred years
Have wrought, until there now appears
In place of camp and forest shade,
Dwellings by skillful workmen made,
While streets and walks and carriage road,
Replace the paths our fathers trod.
Then neighbors all, though miles apart,
Joined hand with hand and heart with heart,
Now at our very doors we find
The stranger living, not our kind,
For with the progress of the past,
Has come too much of cruel caste
Not known of old, but often now
Proclaiming "I am more than thou."
'Tis well perhaps, and may have been
A part of God's great plan, but then,
I have great doubt, I almost know
He don't approve of such a show,
For nothing's brought and short our stay,
So nothing can we take away.
In olden time this truth they felt,
And when before the altar knelt,
They prayed for all; now, well, I fear,
Our prayers are much the less sincere;
They worshipped only God, while we,
Advanced in great morality(?)
Oft think it is a better plan,
To worship jointly God and man.
I know that in the march of time,
Since that old day of which I rhyme,
Improvement steady, great and grand,
Has been the march though all the land;
The forests grand, have given way
To busy life, and day by day
New structures rise above the sod,
That once by savage feet was trod.
While prosperous farms and fertile fields,
Their wealth to busy farmers yields;
The steam that only used to burn,
And cause them pain, is made to turn
The wheels which now employment give
To millions, who by labor live;
The lightning, which then used to play
Among the clouds on summer's day,
By man has been controlled, until
From shore to shore at his own will
Is flashed the news, nor oceans deep
Can stop its course; o'er cables leap
The messages in moments space,
Which once took months of weary pace.
Inventions, too, of every kind,
Have proved man's great inventive mind,
'Till e'en the coming of a star,
Or comet, is foreseen afar.
It seems that almost everything
Was now complete, but time will bring
Still greater change; Darius Green
May yet perfect his great machine
For flying, and I have a notion,
That, sometime, perpetual motion,
On which my grandsire worked so long
Wil distance steam, and such a throng
Of men's creations will appear,
As time rolls on, from year to year,
That when another century
Shall pass away, the change will be
As great from now, as that to-day
Is, from the century passed away.

A Plea For the Birds.

"Butchered to make a Roman holiday,"
That roused bard anger in indignant meter.
Butchered to make a lady's bonnet gay—
Sounds that much sweeter?

Little white heron, with the shoulder plume
Which stirs the milliner's remorseless passion,
You guess not how your finery seals your doom
At beck of Fashion.

The little egret's nuptial plumes are sought
Above all other feathers by Eve's daughter,
And hence the heronry with woe is fraught—
A scene of slaughter.

Poor, pretty, bridal plumed, nest loyal birds,
At breeding time alone you grow gregarious.
The hunter comes, and scenes too sad for words
Grieve e'en the hilarious.

The mothers hovering near their helpless brood
Are shot in hundreds, 'tis such easy killing.
The plumelets are plucked out, since they are good
For many a shilling.

The young birds starve, whilst festering in white heaps
Their displumed parents lie in scores about them.
When men say at the thought their chill blood creeps,
Will ladies doubt them?

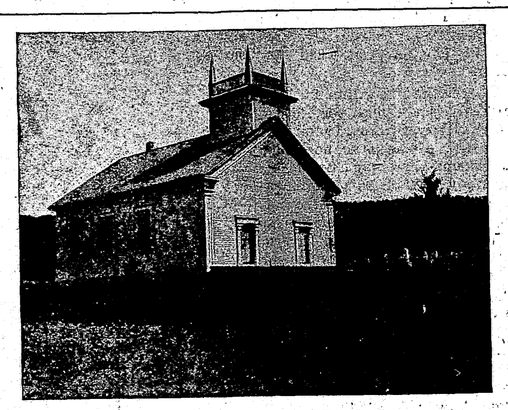
Male thralls of Mammon do the murderous deed.
But if the slaves of Mode could feel compassion
Young herons need not starve nor old ones bleed
To—know Fashion.

—French.

AN HISTORICAL LEGEND.

GRADUATION ESSAY DELIVERED BY CORNELIA B. FRENCH AT GOULD'S ACADEMY COMMENCEMENT, BETHEL, MAY 21, 1896.

Where the noble Androscoggin winds and turns and winds again;
Past the meadows wide, and uplands, past the fields of waving grain;
Bordered on its banks by pine-trees, maples tall and noble elms;
On each side the mountains lofty, lifting high their crowned heads;
Here the red man built his wigwam, using skins and bark of trees.
On the banks of Alder river, neath the willows gnarled and old,
Have been found the heads of arrows, split and carved from flinty stone,
Showing how the savage people killed both deer and bear of old;
Here the friend of Hiawatha wandered free on hill and plain.
But the chance and change of nature brought to him his cruel fate;
He must turn from Alder river, seek elsewhere the means of life,
For the white man, coming, drove him from the haunts of former times,
Seized the land and built his houses, thinking naught of savage claims.
Then the Indian Natalluk left the valley with his tribe,
Wandered far through wood and forest, till he reached the Thousand Isles;
There he settledwith his people far from what had been his home.
This has been the fate of nations ever since the dawn of time,
Weakness must give place to power, simple faith to stronger might
And although there's much injustice in this treatment of a race,
Yet forevermore the lower to the higher must give place
But at length had many white men settled here on hill and plain,
And they wished that their plantation might be made into a town;
But their minds were sorely puzzled as to what should be its name,
Till they thought them of that Jacob, sleeping on his rocky bed,
Who saw in the midst of darkness doors of heaven open wide,
And a ladder from the glory reach to earth on which he lay,
While the rounds were filled by angels, moving swiftly up and down;
And that he had named it Bethel, where he saw the vision bright.
Then our fathers said to each one, 'This the name is which we choose,
For the beauty of God's goodness lies aro und on either side."
Thus the former home of Indians, had its name changed at this time,
And the little town of Bethel, by the river winding down;
Has been much increased and strengthened, in the years that since have flown,
Round it still the hills are keeping guard eternal in their might.
As the arm of God our Father keeps his children in the right.
Changing with the change of seasons, showing colors rich and rare;
In the springtime tender greenness covering naked twigs and bare,
Filling all the air with fragrance from the wild flowers blooming there;
In the autumn radiant glory flung at base and on the brow,
Glowing like the fiery pillar, in the wilderness of old;
In the winter wrapped in snow-flakes, covered with a robe so warm
That the tender little seedlings and the old and guarled trees,
Safe are kept through winter coldness, to awaken in the spring;
These the guardians of Bethel, these the grand old hills of Maine.
Now the students of our village, prompted by the wish to learn,
Sought to follow the broad pathways leading far and farther on
Up the shining hills of knowledge in the distance growing faint.
And some good men of the village, in the kindness of their hearts,
Built and founded here forever this our grand Academy,
Many years have rain and sunshinefallen since on Bethel Hill;
Many years have men and women taught with patience in these halls,
And their lives were inspirations, to the students in their care.
Many lessons were taught by them which they knew not at the time;
Purity and truth and honor, worth of friendship, patience, prayer,
Lessons far more to be valued than all knowledge found in books.
Scores of pupils changing often here have sat and thought and learned;
Noble is the record left us of the lives that these have led.
Many men went forth to battle, fell while fighting for the right;
Others yet are waging ever bloodless battles on God's side.
Men of learning, men of letters, women good and pure and true,
Here have lived and thought and studied, here were faithful in each deed;
Building up the reputation of a school so good and pure
That the pupils from a distance all have hastened here to learn.
But the flight of time has brought us to these days of ninety-six,
And we pupils fain would equal records which the past holds out.
We are standing at the threshold of our lives, now just begun,
And our eager eyes turn onward to the paths before our feet.
Are they paths of glory, honor, paths of learning and of light?
Or yet paths of meeker service, daily duties in the home?
Are we to be noted people, standing prominent in life,
Earning praises from the masses, caring but for fading fame?
Or are we to be more humble, moving in the sphere of home,
Counting honor by our children, by our friends and by our lives,
If they may be pure and noble, letting other laurels pass?
Can we pupils who have come here, seeking earnestly to learn
All the mysteries which knowledge, past and present, has made known;
Can we now afford to loiter by the wayside in our youth?
Can we now neglect the signal, calling to be up and on?
Will the future answer truly what is said of former times,
That we faithful are to duty, strive forever for the right?
Are we ever adding glory to the annals of our school?
Can we bring no fairer record for the days that are to come?
But our Father Time is moving, bringing changes in his train;
Other pupils here assemble, old ones go, nor come again.
But our school will still go onward, guarded by the hills of Maine,
And we students who have labored here within its walls so long,
Will retain the memory ever of the days at dear old Gould's.



CHURCH AT MIDDLE INTERVALE.

When They Sing Baby to Sleep.

It is curious and interesting to read some of the lullabies of different lands. An exchange gives the following English renderings:

DANISH.

Sleep sleep, little mouse!
The field your father plows;
Your mother feeds the pigs in the sty.
She'll come and slap you when you cry.

SPANISH.

The moon shines bright,
The snake darts swift and light;
I see the bullocks
And a calf young and white.

CHINESE.

Snail, snail, come out and be fed!
Put out your horns and then your head,
And thy mammy will give thee mutton,
For thou art doubly dear to me.

ARABIC.

Sleep, my baby, sleep!
Sleep a slumber hale,
Sweetly rest till morning light;
My little farmer boy so bright.

ZULU.

Hush thee, my baby!
Thy mother's over the mountain gone,
There she will dig the little garden patch,
And water she'll fetch from the river.

NORWEGIAN.

Row, row, to Baltnarock,
How many fish in the net is caught?
One for father, and one for mother,
One for sister and one for brother.

SWEDISH.

Hush, hush, baby mine!
Pussy climbs the big tree pine;
Mother turns the millstone.
Father to kill the pig has gone.

GERMAN.

Sleep babr, sleep!
Thy father guards the sheep,
Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree,
And from it fall sweet dreams for thee;
Sleep, baby sleep!

Her Majesty.

Her majesty comes when the sun goes down
And clambers up to her throne, my knee.
Her royal robe is a small white gown,
And this is her majesty's stern decree:
"Let me know when the sandman passes by,
For we're going to speak to him, you and I."

"There was once a monarch of old," I say,
"Who sat where the beach and the breakers met.
'Roll back!' he said to the waves one day,
'For the royal feet must not be wet!'
But the waves rolled on. 'For things there be,"
I tell her, "that mind not majesty.

"And silent and shy is the sandman old,
And never, I'm sure, since the world began,
Has any one seen the sands of gold
Or spoken a word to the kind old man.
But perhaps, when the twilight's gold turns gray,
You may see the old sandman pass this way.

"For your majesty's eyes are young and bright,
Though mine with the dust of time are dim,
And possibly queens have a clearer sight
Than subjects who sway to a sovereign's whim.
But I'll watch for him, sweetheart and queen."
I say,
"And speak if I see him pass this way."

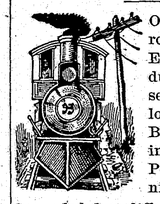
But the sandman came, for the young eyes drooped,
And the small mouth curved to a drowsy smile.
Then down to her majesty's lips I stooped
And kissed her and whispered a prayer the while:
"O thou that giveth thy loved ones sleep,
This night her majesty safely keep!"

—Independent

Written for the BETHEL NEWS.

BETHEL ABROAD.

NATIVES OF BETHEL, AND FAMILIES FORMERLY OF BETHEL, NOW RESIDING IN POMONA, CALIFORNIA.



TO THE adventurous spirit of Mr. E. L. Mason is due the fact of several families, long residents of Bethel, Me., having migrated to Pomona, California, each having been led by different reasons to make the change of home, from the rugged North to the genial South, but mainly, without doubt, to escape the long and severe winters of the Pine Tree State.

On the 26th of April, 1882, Mr. E. L. Mason and his son Fred left Bethel for the Golden State, traveling as far as Reno, via the Central Pacific route; from there across country to Hawthorne, thence by stage thirty-eight miles to Bodie, the place of destination from the starting point. For three months they were in the employ of the Bodie R. R. and Lumber Co. From Bodie they travelled by team one hundred miles across the mountains to Sonora; remaining there a week, they then took a team for Oakdale, where they spent some time in looking about, then went to Stockton, and from there to San Francisco where they were employed for several weeks on the City of Chester—a large steamer that sunk away out at sea on the first voyage she was making. They then went to Los Angeles, working there about two months at their trade of carpenter. From there they went up to San Gabriel, where they helped in building the San Gabriel Winery. On the 1st of March they came to Pomona, which was then only a town in embryo, there being but a few buildings here. Two hotels, three grocery stores, one bakery, a drug store and post-office all in the same building on the east side of Garey avenue—one of the fine streets of this now fine little city of about 7,500 inhabitants.

Where then one could look from the Southern Pacific R. R. station across the Chino valley, there being neither house or tree to break the view, it is now almost solid orchards with pretty homes along pleasant streets as far as Pomona extends.

In 1883 Mr. Mason bought the residence property he now owns on the corner of 4th street and Garey avenue, built him a work-shop and worked at his trade until in 1885 he built for himself a nice two-story house and stable, planted orange and other fruit trees in the grounds, and the beautiful pepper trees for shade along the streets. Here he has made his home since.

The same year his son Fred left Pomona, travelled through the state, was in the mines in French Gulch for some time. Afterwards he went to Colorado and was there for several years prospecting. He then went to New Mexico, and after a time to Arizona, where he still is in the mining business.

In November, 1886, Lee, the youngest son of Mr. Mason, came to Pomona and worked with his father at the trade of carpenter for a time. In 1889 they went to Oaklands together to work, remaining there three years. They returned to Pomona in 1892, and in August of that year Mr. Mason went to his old home in Bethel for a visit. His son Lee soon after returned to Oaklands where he is now living. He was married soon after his return to that city. On Mr. Mason's return to Pomona, in January, 1893, he brought with him his daughter, Mrs. Eva Chapman and her little Helen, to make their home with him in the Land of Sunshine, which she is now pleased to call "the most beautiful country on earth."

In the winter of 1885 Mr. Woodsum Mason came from Maine to Pomona to visit his brother and see this part of the country where it is always summer, for himself. On his return in March, which is never a lovely month in Maine, his thoughts of what he had seen and heard were much in favor of the Summerland, where 330 days of sunshine out of the 365 days of the year is the rule for the weather. In the autumn of 1887 the decision of the family was made for a removal, and in November Mr. and Mrs. Mason, their son Charles and daughter Bessie, and the married daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson, and Mr. and Mrs. William R. Godwin (of Bethel), made a change of homes from far east to far west. Upon his arrival here Mr. Mason purchased a ten acre ranch, which they planted to a variety of fruit trees, and horticulture has been the business of himself and his son since that time. The orchard has lately been sold and a residence lot bought, where they intend to build a new house. Mr. Johnson is in the employ of the fruit packing and shipping firm of H. D. McClenery and Company. Charles W. Mason has a lucrative position in the employ of the Pomona Land and Water Co. Miss Bessie is a kindergarten teacher in the public schools of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason have gone east to visit their two daughters, Mrs. F. B. Tuell of Bethel, and Mrs. Thomas, of Pawtucket, R. I. They intend being present at the Centennial Celebration of the incorporation of the town of Bethel which will take place on the 10th of June.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Godwin, who came from Bethel to Pomona in November, 1887, were first led to make the remove to California solely on account of his health, which was at the time of their leaving Bethel in so alarming a condition that it was feared he might not survive the long journey from coast to coast. His own inclinations were against the change and the chances of the benefit he might derive from going to a warmer climate where life in the open air was possible nearly every day in all seasons of the year. But persuaded by his wife as his one chance for prolonging his days on the earth, they came, and have been recompensed by his gradual return to comfortable health and strength, that has allowed him at times during the past two years to do some additional work to the care of his own grounds and the variety of fruit trees which surround his pretty cottage home on Fourth street. Mr. Godwin was born in Rumford, Me., in the year 1830; his parents moved to Upton in the lake country, when he was two years old, and he lived there most of the time until 1869. In March, 1855, he married Abbie H. West of Upton. In 1869 they moved to Bethel, and purchased the farm now owned by Roscoe F. Cross, where they lived for three years. He then bought the place on Broad street in Bethel village then known as the old Methodist parsonage, where Dr. Tuell's residence now stands. He afterward bought and moved to the Moses Foster place on High street, and lived there until their removal to California. Mr. Godwin's occupation was that of farmer in summer, and in winter he was a lumberman for thirty years, and until failing health compelled retirement from active business life. Three children they had, to love, and lose, before they came to Bethel to live. They have many friends and acquaintances here in the new home, which they both enjoy. But at times Mr. Godwin feels that if his health would allow it, he would prefer to return to the familiar friends of younger days, and live amidst the rugged scenes, and brave the winters of Maine once more, as in his youth and strength it was his life to do. To those who feel thus, this almost perpetual serenity of sky, and land flooded with sunshine and summer warmth so great a part of the year, a land "flowing with milk and honey" literally, never quite compensates for the uprooting, when the roots of love of home and the scenes of one's birth strike so deep as to cause a tinge of homesickness in the life when such a radical change is made, and perhaps it is not often so philosophically borne if such a change is compelled by the state of a person's health.

The next family to take departure from the land of their birth and till then life-long home of all, was the Townes. The long and painful illness of D. W. Towne during a winter terrible for severe cold and great depth of snow, which kept him a prisoner in the house for the long, weary months, first led him to think of the change to a country where "never winter winds blow loudly." Through correspondence with Charles Johnson, who had lived here a year and more, in regard to climate and life in Pomona, in March, 1888, while snow was lying deep over all the earth in Bethel, and winds were tearing about the roof, it was tantalizing indeed for those who naturally had no love for the winter season, to hear of sitting out of doors, under the shade of trees, open doors and windows, roses blooming everywhere, and then came the decision for a removal of the Townes to the city of Pomona, with the hope of benefit to the sick one of the household, and added years to the lives of the father and mother, who were nearing their eightieth year of life. But disease could not wait for plans, and in June, he for whose life no sacrifice would have seemed too great to make, was called home.

In the fall of the same year one of the daughters, Mrs. E. T. Robinson, made the journey which had been in prospect, to Pomona, to "spy out the land," and to judge whether it then seemed best to go to California. Finding it more than meeting her expectations in all ways, the family decided to make the removal here, taking their departure from Bethel Nov. 6, 1888. Three years, which seemed ideal in climate and the luxuries of fruits and flowers, passed, without a day of sickness for any member of the family. Then death came again, into the new home, calling for the father, and eight months later the mother joined him in the Father's house. Two years later the narrowed circle was again broken, and the lovely Edith was taken to the home on high. The hand of affliction had fallen most heavily upon those remaining soul-stricken ones, of the seven who made up the household, those first brief years.

Allan M. Towne is a successful grower of oranges, and manages the fine grove of about eight acres, which is planted to oranges and lemons. A strong attachment is felt by all the Bethel people in Pomona, for the beautiful country and climate such as is nowhere else to be found this side of heaven.

EMORIES OF DR. TRUE.

IN THE SCHOOL.

THIS Centennial number of the BETHEL NEWS would be incomplete without some mention of the late Dr. N. T. True. His name is so thoroughly identified with the progress of the town, its literary and school work and its social life, that a Centennial celebration would be greatly lacking without some representation of this good man, exerting as he did so great an influence over so many of our people. In the celebration of 1874, Dr. True was the leading spirit, and we fail to find a record of any important event in the history of the town for many years where the name of Dr. N. T. True does not occupy a conspicuous place. The old Bethel *Courier*, the only newspaper ever published in Bethel prior to the NEWS, was edited by Dr. True, and it has been with pleasure that I have recently read some of the copies of that paper.

I first met the Doctor in 1882, when he went to Milan, N. H., to teach a high school. It was my good fortune to be his pupil three terms, and I remember him with the kindliest feeling. The morning he opened his first term of school in that place, in a little talk to the scholars he said, "Everything of value has work behind it," and he ever endeavored by his example to impress this thought upon the minds of his pupils. He was eminently practical in his methods of teaching, and used very few text books, preferring his note books to any other method. I have before me "Notes on Chemistry," "Geological Notes," and several other note books which were arranged under his direction; and intermingled with the lessons I find I have written out a great deal of practical information and bright sayings of which he made use in explaining the lessons. He gave one afternoon a lecture on "Color," which was, I think, written out by every scholar in the school; another lecture on "Clouds" contained much practical information. He was ever striving to give his scholars an education that would mean something to them in their after life.

Dr. True could never countenance a mean action on the part of a pupil; he admired a manly, straightforward boy.

He usually spent his recesses drilling the boys, and girls too, in military tactics, and would frequently speak of "us boys," laying considerable stress on "us." He, as well as the scholars, enjoyed the military exercises, and on entering or leaving the school room, we would keep step to his "Left, right, left, right, left, right." One of the young ladies found it rather difficult to keep step with the rest, and one day the Doctor varied the usual formula to suit the exigencies of the occasion, in this wise: "Left, right, left, right, Miss, Potter, keep, step, left, right, left, right," much to the amusement of some of the younger pupils. I wonder if there are not those of Gould's Academy, as well as of the Milan school, who will remember Dr. True's talks on Geology, and the rambles they took with him hunting for specimens. Geology was a favorite study with him, and his talks on the different "epochs," "ages," and "periods," will be vividly recalled to our minds whenever we hear his name spoken. I think I have never met a teacher, who had so wide a range of knowledge as did he. His memory was good, and he had been a lifelong student. He was as happy over a new idea as a small boy with his first pair of pantaloons. He enjoyed a difficult problem, and if he could not study it out through the day, would usually think out the solution after retiring for the night.

Ed.

IN HIS HOME.

Many appreciative words have kept my father's memory green, coming from many sources, and gratefully received by his own, from north, south, east and west, and countries even beyond the sea.

There would seem little more to say, were it not that nothing has ever been given to the public of his characteristics, as expressed in his home life.

My father was wholly domestic in his tastes. He required no separate study, no family tip-toeing by a sacred door, or the turning of night into day in order to accomplish any literary work upon which he might be engaged. The very center of the family life was his chosen workshop, and newspaper and magazine articles, and some of his most carefully constructed lectures, were written with the whole large family of children around him. Among my earliest recollections is the long table ready for the evening of study. Mother (with the inevitable work-basket) was there, too, for father's first question upon entering the house was always for her. I remember hearing halting translations of Virgil helped through by fatherly bridging of gaps, ending with the characteristic, "Yes, well,—" that his pupils yet remember. At that time, being, then, the petted youngest, it was my delight to comb and arrange his hair with a doll's comb and brush, a process always extremely soothing to his tired nerves. The audacity of parting his hair in the middle, making beau-catchers at the sides, and even decorating the dignified head with a bonnet, was kindly tolerated by the father whose lightest word of authority I never dreamed of questioning. There were marvels in those days! Sometimes the tiny comb drew from the thick locks the little old-time silver three cent piece, which great event was hailed with shrieks of childish delight, at the absolute blankness of comprehension upon his part, that he could be suspected of any complicity with such a miracle.

We feared our father—but were not afraid of him. There was enough of the Puritan in our early training to make obedience not so much exacted as expected, and the father's rarely expressed commands were most faithfully respected and executed by the mother. We felt his power, for it meant the best things of which we knew; and there was ever the touch of mercy upon justice. If, for instance, there was a complete surrender to uncontrollable mirth among the childish ranks drawn up in the solemnity of family prayers, at the comet-like apparition streaming through the room of the long-suffering cat, hotly pursued by the most mischievous of puppies, the offence received no comment; he allowed the breach of decorum to act as its own punishment. Or, if childish fun grew too uproarious, whilst he was writing in our midst, his murmured repetition of the word his pen was following, would often be the only sign that he was being disturbed. But if an altercation arose, and especially if any word of detraction was spoken, the absent-mindedness vanished, and the never-failing rebuke, "Let me hear no more like that," was sure to hush us into silent abasement.

Perhaps nothing could give the keynote of his influence in the home so much as this resolute determination never to allow petty criticisms, detractions or envious remarks to pass unchecked. His was the most magnanimous nature I have ever known. If, however, he became convinced of the unworthiness of a character under discussion, he was sternly capable of condemning the wrong doing, although even then we children were never allowed to roll the faults of others "like sweet morsels under the tongue." He had a deep though often silent contempt for all littleness of soul, and I never heard him say one envious or pessimistic word through all his hard and harassed years. The good fortune of others was always met by the warmest spirit of congratulation, and he had the rare gift of intuitively finding out the finest qualities in people and then gladly revealing them to others. The word "noble" has become forever ennobled to my thought by his generous application of it to people.

His moral courage was magnificent. If circumstances failed him the *next* thing was taken up with a fine strength of bearing, the remembrance of which will forever remain as "part of my life's unalterable good." I so well remember the sweet curves of those strong lips and the steady light in the responsive eyes when he would rise from some disappointing experience or anxiety and seek some kind of action—not his preference—but the nearest seen duty.

We knew, though never directly from him, that there was always a great hunger in his life which a nearness to great libraries and more frequent contact with men of learning would have satisfied; for while kindness itself to an inferior and cordially appreciative of his equals, he passionately loved whoever was regarded by him as his superior.

There was positive elation in his manner when receiving a visit from an old college class-mate, or from a professor in some branch in which he was interested (and let those who knew him best state if there was any subject worth knowing about in which he was not interested), or when by chance a foreign traveler was interviewed, to whom he often gave as much by the suggestions contained in his questions, as was received.

A new study was always an epoch. I can see him pacing the long walk under his trees, book in hand, sometimes catching me as I sped by, and stopping to impart something of his keen enjoyment to even the limited comprehension of a child. I learned much from him that did not cost actual study, although he was quite capable of keeping me for days upon the first few lines of Virgil, causing me to feel for the rest of my life the most profound respect for the degree of absolute accuracy expected from the student of the classics. A walk or drive with him meant a lesson in botany, or geology, or mineralogy. The stone in the wall, the lichen on the stone, the boulder on the hill-side, the trend of the mountain chain, the glacier's path, the old river-bed—all told him volumes, which he retold to the child at his side; and many grateful souls will bear witness to the beginning of a new life of thought and reverent interest in this world of ours, from the touch of inspiration given them through his magnetic dealings with these subjects as they "talked by the wayside."

He gave us children a haunting sense of the value of time and opportunity, and the absolute obligations we were under as to self-improvement and the acquisition of knowledge.

Poverty of *means* we were early taught to face with dignity and self-respect, but that poverty of *mind*, through neglected opportunities, was a disgrace. The question was never raised in our home, "What is a man worth?" but invariably, "What are his principles, and his standard of education?"

During his later years we often heard him repeating the poem, "My mind to me a kingdom is," with reverent earnestness. He was always learning, always enriching his "kingdom."

When the shadow of fatal illness fell, he rallied himself with the last effort of that heroic will, to battle against the encroachments of disease upon his mental strength, by testing himself with daily readings from Homer in the original, and in writing short articles for publication. Ere long, however, the self-imposed task was quietly abandoned, and who can tell the inner struggle with which he laid it down!

After this, there rises before me the pathetic picture of his figure in the wheel-chair, his little, worn pocket Bible in his hand, as he comforted himself, in his helplessness, with words that had been the sources of his manhood's strength, and often in the twilight softly sang, "Gently lead, O gently lead us."

Then the shadows deepened into the darkness that obscured his powers of expression, and months of heavy mourning lay upon us, not to be lifted till the morning of his emancipation dawned, when, though through tears, we could rejoice in the glorious freedom of a soul like his, "born to soar," mounting "from form to form," up through the boundless, limitless Universe.

Marian True Gehring.

E. C. ROWE.

E. E. WHITNEY.

Mr. Whitney came to Bethel from Lancaster, N. H. eight years ago and opened his Marble works. He was at first associated with his brother, but finally purchased his brother's interest and has since conducted the business alone. He does all kinds of cemetery and monumental work and turns out some fine monuments. The dark and light diamond granite that Mr. Whitney is now using quite extensively, is a very pretty and durable stone and is finding a ready sale. Mr. W. T. Gunther has been at work for Mr. Whitney seven years and is a skillful, steady workman. He has a thorough knowledge of the business, in all its branches, and is a valuable man for that work. Mr. Whitney owns a pleasant home on Rai road street. He was married about four years ago to Miss Lizzie Conner, of Lancaster, N. H.

Mr. Whitney does some very fine monumental work, as the various cemeteries around here bear witness.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Edwin Wayne will hereafter be known as Edwin Wayne Emery.

Yvette Violette sailed on the St. Paul recently for her European home.

Maud Edna Hall will be leading lady for the Peak Island (Me.) theater for the summer.

Albert Grau has been engaged by Daniel Frohman for the New York Lyceum theater stock company for next season.

"The Merry Go Round," a burlesque by R. A. Barnet, was given its initial presentation at the Tremont theater, Boston.

Theodore Babcock will, it is said, star next season in a new romantic play, "Duc de Orleans," by the authors of "Lost—24 Hours."

"Her Brother Bob," a comedy in three acts by Charles Bradley, was given its first production on any stage at Rapley's New National theater, Washington.

"Le Chevalier D'Harmental," a comic opera in five acts and six scenes, words by Paul Ferrier, music by Andre Messager, was rendered at the Opera Comique, Paris, recently.

The Bostonians have bought the rights to a new American opera called "Captain Kidd, Coin Collector." The libretto is by Bert Leston Taylor, the music by Walter H. Lowis.

Lillian Burkhart took Sadie Martinot's place upon the latter's retirement from Aubrey Boucicault's company, at the Philadephia Park theater, and made a pronounced success.

J. A. Wallenstedt, a young singer, has been engaged for a small part in De Koven and Smith's new opera, "The Mandarin." Mr. Wallenstedt is said to possess a phenomenal baritone voice.

WHITNEY'S MARBLE WORKS.

CHARLES H. DAVIS.

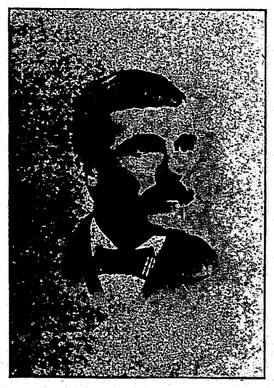
Mr. Davis is the popular Lake stage driver, and was thirty-six years old last January. Was the son of Richmond and Sarah True Davis, and was born in Oxford.

He lived on Swan's Hill, Bethel, eighteen years, then went to Grafton. Married Eva C. Macalaster of Grafton in 1886, by whom he had three children. The death of his wife in June, 1893, was a sad blow to Mr. Davis.

He took the stage line in 1893, and carries the mail for Newry, North Newry, Grafton, Upton and Lakeside. He keeps six horses for this business, making a trip every day. Mr. Davis is an accommodating driver, and is a man of excellent habits. The places of interest along his route are Poplar Tavern, Horse-shoe Falls, Screw Auger Falls, Grafton Notch and Umbagog lake. The best fishing season at the lake is through June and in September. If you want to enjoy a week's outing, take your fishing tackle and go with Mr. Davis on one of his trips and you will find as fine scenery and as good fishing as can be found in the country.

Mr. Davis will take pains to show you all the points of interest, the jail, Moose cave, etc., and explain the names of the lakes and mountains. He is a genial driver, and a day or two spent with him will be time well improved.

Subscribe for the NEWS this week and you will get the large number free.



CHARLES H. DAVIS.

CEYLON ROWE.

Ceylon Rowe is a good example of the successful business men of Bethel. He is a public spirited, enterprising citizen, and has made his business pay. He carries a large stock of dry and fancy goods, clothing, groceries, etc., and has been in business many years. He was married May 12, 1864, to Mary M. Grover, and has one son, Herbert C.

REV. A. HAMILTON.

A. W. Martin's steam riding gallery was set up last Saturday, on the grounds near to the I. O. O. F. block on Chapman street, and will remain there the remainder of the week. They recently were at Gorham, and Groveton, N. H., and were in every way first class.

JUDGE ENOCH FOSTER.

Son of Enoch and Persis (Swan) Foster, was born in Newry, May 10th, 1839. He spent his younger days on a farm, and attended school at Gould's Academy and the Maine State Seminary; he pursued a partial course at Bowdoin College studied law in the office of Hon. Reuben Foster at Waterville, graduated from the Albany, N. Y., law school, and began the practice of law at Bethel in 1865. He has been county attorney six years, a member of the state legislature, and on March 24, 1884, he was appointed by Governor Robie an Associate Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court for the state of Maine. He was reappointed by Gov. Burleigh in 1891. He married Sarah Chapman, daughter R. A. Chapman, Esq., in 1873, and has one son, Robert C.

WHEEL WHIRLS.

The hand that rocked the cradle is now guiding the bicycle.—Los Angeles Express.

Those who think electricity is engaging most of the inventive genius of the world at this time are mistaken. The records of the patent office show that it is mainly directed to improving the bicycle.—San Francisco Call.

A St. Louis minister, an assistant and a male quartet propose making a missionary tour of Illinois on bicycles. The results are sure to be beneficial, even if they only convert people to the use of the wheel.—Chicago Tribune.

Many clergymen have now extended special invitation to bicyclists to attend their churches on Sunday. Now the bicyclists, not to be outdone in courtesy, ought to invite these clergymen to join them on a Sunday bicycle excursion by moonlight.—Boston Globe.

SURE TO COME BACK.

MONEY EXPENDED IN IMPROVING THE TOWN.

Suggestions as to the Removal of Front Fences and Building Sidewalks—Move Carefully and Teach by Example—Promote Public Discussion.

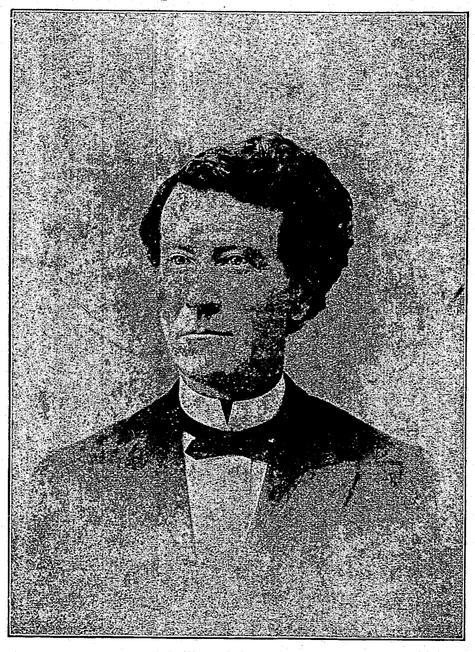
In an article descriptive of uses and benefits of village improvement societies printed in The Ladies' Home Journal Mr. John Gilmer Speed makes valuable suggestions concerning work to be done and methods to be employed. He says:

No village improvement society that is either sectarian or politically partisan can have any chance to succeed. The neutrality of the society in these particulars should be a part of its fundamental law. But it makes no difference how plainly these things be expressed in the constitution, the executive committee will find that political rivalries and sectarian prejudices are every now and then interfering with the plans of work. Then comes an opportunity for the display of high diplomatic skill, which ordinarily is reserved for the service of nations. But it is possible to steer between the Sylla of sectarian animosity and the Charybdis of political wrongheadedness and escape shipwreck, though none but a strong hand should be at the tiller during the dangerous passage. Then the reactionary, who opposes everything new, will be found in every village. There is no use whatever in trying to conciliate or win him over, though it is not wise to precipitate a quarrel. But when the fight begins, as it surely will, then make it a fight to the death, with no quarter. The reactionary—he usually calls himself a conservative or something of that sort, though, to be sure, the real conservative may not be a reactionary at all—is an evil influence and should be treated as such. Men of that kind have no real ability and are easily whipped, but their bigoted ignorance has in it a power of evil which has wrecked many a village improvement society within my knowledge. Then the village improvers will come in conflict with those who stir up strife for the sake of the fight. My advice is to treat such with contempt. They love to fight, but to be scorned is death to them.

In every village improvement societies have been heard of and more or less discussed, whether the formation of one was imminent or not. It is my experience that the village idea, until it has been informed and cultivated, is that improving a village consists in pulling down the front fences and throwing all the houses into the road. Removing the front fences and making a village parklike in its appearance is an undoubted improvement, but it is not all that improvement means nor yet the first improvement that should be made. Instead, it is one of the finishing touches to village improvement, and one that a society usually need not bother about. If the roads are made good and the sidewalks so constructed that they will be neither dusty nor muddy, then the fences will be taken down little by little, and soon all of them will disappear forever. But the question should not be agitated in the beginning, as it is pregnant with danger. The majority of old fashioned people think that their security and privacy are supported by front fences and even their property rights maintained. They will, therefore, contest the pulling of them down and readily become obstinate and antagonistic if they be pursued with much insistence. Let the front fences alone till such times as the sidewalks are good, and then depend upon it that when each front fence falls into decay it will be removed rather than renewed. Where sidewalks are not good the lawns will surely be trampled over in muddy weather if there be no intervening fence. The power of example and the beauty of a grass plot stretching to the front walk and then over the bank and beyond the gutter to the roadway will settle the front fence question so soon as the time is ripe.

The property owners of a village cannot make a better paying investment than in the maintenance of a well organized improvement society. Through such a society the value of every piece of property in a village and the neighborhood thereof may be enhanced in value; village life may be made to take on new interests and new dignities; stagnation may be kindled into an exhilarating activity. Let the people become interested in a village improvement society, and they will soon begin to discuss plans and policies with a gratifying alertness. They will discuss how best to secure a public library; they will talk over the ways and means of getting running water into the town; they will argue over the best way of establishing a fire department; they will study drainage and sanitation; they will recognize the value of street lights when the moon is shining on another part of the world. And when they vote on these questions they will vote with entire intelligence, and they will go away from the meetings refreshed by what they have heard, and what they have said, and what they have done.

Indeed the meetings of a village improvement society should be of great value to the intellectual life of the community, and in a measure, at least, take the place in the training which used to be a part of the equipment of every American freeman when the town meeting was the local parliament and the neighborhood affairs were regulated by a majority vote of the electors. But the managers of a village improvement society must always bear in mind that what the society does is by general consent, and that their zeal in their operations or that of their executive committee to make improvements is no reason for them to entertain the delusion that they are the owners of the town.



HON. ENOCH FOSTER.

ANIMAL LIFE.

About 69,000 elephants are annually killed in Africa.

Young snails come from their eggs with a shell upon their backs.

The beautiful yellow and black tiger butterfly, very common in Missouri, has a wife that is as black as night.

An African museum has secured a white rhinoceros, and, unlike the proverbial white elephant, this rare beast is stuffed which makes it inexpensive to keep.

A good authority on horses says that the gray will live the longest and that the roans come next in order. Blacks seldom live to be over 20, and creams rarely exceed 10 or 15.

In Guadalupe the bees make no comb, but deposit their honey in "bladders" of wax about the size of a hen's egg. These curious bees are small and black in color and have no stings.

FUNNY CHINA FASHIONS.

Though in wretchedly bad taste, many hotels still persist in the use of "saw edge" crockery.

Condiment casters, chronically constricted, are passe. They always do get it in the neck.

The prevalence of political and financial disputes has caused a steady demand for heavier breakfast cups for shying across the table without injury.

Asparagus dishes for boarding houses have two layers of "gus" modeled in high relief on the bottoms. One bunch goes as far as two did—before they were invented.

Among New York politicians "Strong" teapots are fashionable. Platterers, however, are demanded with Morton(e) to them. This is "Wuerster" digest than the others.—Crockery and Glass Journal.

CEYLON ROWE.

BARGAINS!

SUITABLE TO THE TIMES.

Lowest Prices Yet!

CHAMBER SETS

Combination Ash Sets, $12.50
This set sells regular for $15.00; complete with Table and Chairs, $12.50.

Solid Oak Sets, $18.00
$25.00 solid Oak Sets, large and strong, complete with chairs and table, $18.00.

Newest Style Oak Sets, $25.00
A handsome $40.00 solid Oak Suit, shaped French bevel plate mirror. This set is a winner at $25.00.

New Chiffonier Beds, $18.00
A Folding Bed that is a pretty piece of furniture when closed. Takes up little space. Complete with spring attached. worth $25.00; now $18.00.

Parlor Suite,
Couches, Lounges,
Rockers,

Plush Parlor Suites, $45.00
An all covered crushed plush Suite, five pieces, spring edge; fringed to the floor; worth $60.00, now $45.00.

Plush Couches, $9.00
A strong, comfortable couch, covered in crushed plush, worth $12,00, now $9.00

Carpet Lounges, $7.50
Spring seat, pretty frame and pretty pattern Lounges, worth $10.00, now $7.50

Fancy Rockers, $2.75
A large variety of Rockers in Rattan, Plush or Leather, worth $4.00, now $2.75.

Carpets, etc.

Tapestry Carpets, Best Grade, 75c
90c 10-wire Tapestry Brussels, now 75c.

Lowell Wools, 60c.
Your choice of the best qualities and patterns all wool carpets, only 60c.
Also a few rolls same quality for 50c, per yard.

Brussels Carpets, 90c.
$1.15 five-frame Body Brussels. A chance to buy the best carpets cheap.

Straw Mattings, 15c.
A 25c. grade matting only 15c.

INDUCEMENTS which we offer to out-of-town customers, in addition to our exceptionally low prices and splendid quality of goods—

We deliver goods free of charge to any railroad depot in Maine, carefully packed in a first-class manner

We also allow railroad fare to Lewiston under the following condition: Purchasers of $50. will be allowed railroad fare one way. On purchase of $100 or over we allow railroad fares both ways.

THE ATKINSON
FURNISHING CO.,
LEWISTON, ME.

We pay freight.
Terms cash or credit.
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Ripans Tabules cure torpid liver.
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DON'T READ

this unless you wish to buy the best Bicycle on Earth for less than one can be bought in this or any other town in Oxford County.

The Al-Ki takes the lead. The '96 Model with all the latest improvements.

I also have a large lot of Open & Top Buggies, Concord Wagons Surreys, Plattorm Spring Wagons Farm Wagons, &c. Call and see them and get prices and terms that cannot be beaten.

J. G. BILLINGS,
BETHEL, ME.

A GRAND PREMIUM CONTEST.

$100. Remington Bicycle $100.
The Grand Prize.

$25. Marlin Rifle, 2nd.
5 Years Subscription to the News, 3rd.

RULES.

Credit once given to a contestant cannot afterward be transferred to another.

Every new yearly subscriber or renewal accompanied by cash will count 100.

Job work amounting to $2.00 will count 100.

Parties subscribing for the NEWS at this office who are not in the contest, may have their subscription count to any candidate, or person they wish to become a candidate.

The contest will close at precisely three o'clock on Saturday, June the 20th, 1896, and nothing received after the hour named will be credited.

The standing of the different contestants will be published in the NEWS each week up to within two weeks of the close. The last two weeks, no information whatever regarding the standing of the contestants will be given from the NEWS office.

This elegant bicycle will be furnished from the well known agency of S. N. Buck, and will be a first class wheel in every respect.

THE BICYCLE COUNT.

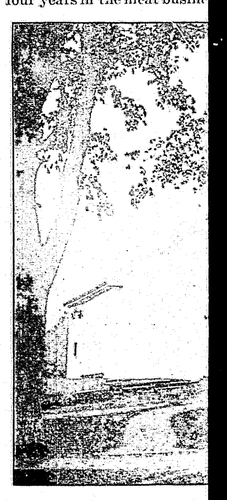
Miss Alice Russell,	2625
Gilman Chapman,	3200
Vira Parker,	800
Wm. Holmes,	2380
W. O. Green, Newry,	100
J. E. Wertly,	2900

HASTINGS BROTHE

One of the leading ha
concerns of Oxford County
firm of Hastings Bro's.
business was established in
William W. and H. B. Hast
few years later Thomas F.
brother's place in the busi
the firm is now William
Thomas F. Hastings. Prio
entering business in Bethe
W. Hastings was emplo
Mills and Gibbs of New
travelling salesman fro
York and through the We
was born in 1857 and is the
Maj. G. A. Hastings. T
was born in 1870, and mar
1893 Miss Grace G. M
daughter of Charles
Hastings Bro's are both you
of ability and push, and th
doing an extensive busines
carry a very large stock of
ranges, hardware, tinware,
ware, crockery, builders' m
farming tools and eve
usually found in a first clas
ware store. They also do plu
repairing, etc. T. F. Hastin
member of the Volunte
Co., and is a good fireman.
ings Bro's have been c
patrons of the NEWS, and
done much toward maki
paper a success.

C. C. BRYANT.

Mr. Bryant was twenty y
age when he first came to
in 1872, working under
Dudley as a section hand.
he worked for W. W. Mason
four years in the meat busine



farming. He then hired th
ing owned by Charles Maso
opened a meat and grocery
In a few months he sold o
went to work for Mr. Spenc
six months or so he purcha
Spencer's business and
sold that to Mr. Penley. F
past few years he has car
the meat business at the p
now occupies. Mr. Brya
been a prudent man a
accumulated some property
was married in 1876 to Mi
Smith. He has one son, W
eighteen years of age, who
ted from Gould's Academ
spring. Mr. Bryant is a pro
Odd Fellow, being secret
the lodge at the present tim

GILMAN P. BEAN.

For twenty-one years h
Gilman P. Bean occupied "
Corner," engaged in a
mercantile business. He
a full stock of dry and fancy
groceries, West India goods.
shoes, etc. He has never c
his stock to any particula
but carries a general assort
goods. He is a man of in
and has ever received a larg
of patronage. He was b
Bethel, in 1825, and lived

HASTINGS BROTHERS.

One of the leading hardware concerns of Oxford County is the firm of Hastings Bro's. The business was established in 1887 by William W. and H. B. Hastings; a few years later Thomas F. took his brother's place in the business and the firm is now William W. and Thomas F. Hastings. Prior to his entering business in Bethel, Wm. W. Hastings was employed by Mills and Gibbs of New York, a travelling salesman from New York and through the West. He was born in 1857 and is the son of Maj. G. A. Hastings. Thos. F. was born in 1870, and married in 1893 Miss Grace G. Mason, a daughter of Charles Mason. Hastings Bro's are both young men of ability and push, and they are doing an extensive business. They carry a very large stock of stoves, ranges, hardware, tinware, glassware, crockery, builders' material, farming tools and everything usually found in a first class hardware store. They also do plumbing, repairing, etc. T. F. Hastings is a member of the Volunteer Hose Co., and is a good fireman. Hastings Bro's have been constant patrons of the NEWS, and have done much toward making the paper a success.

C. C. BRYANT.

Mr. Bryant was twenty years of age when he first came to Bethel, in 1872, working under Jarius Dudley as a section hand. Later he worked for W. W. Mason about four years in the meat business and farming. He then hired the building owned by Charles Mason and opened a meat and grocery store. In a few months he sold out and went to work for Mr. Spencer. In six months or so he purchased Mr. Spencer's business and finally sold that to Mr. Penley. For the past few years he has carried on the meat business at the place he now occupies. Mr. Bryant has been a prudent man and has accumulated some property. He was married in 1876 to Miss Ella Smith. He has one son, William, eighteen years of age, who graduated from Gould's Academy this spring. Mr. Bryant is a prominent Odd Fellow, being secretary of the lodge at the present time.

GILMAN P. BEAN.

For twenty-one years has Mr. Gilman P. Bean occupied "Honest Corner," engaged in a general mercantile business. He carries a full stock of dry and fancy goods, groceries, West India goods, boots, shoes, etc. He has never confined his stock to any particular line, but carries a general assortment of goods. He is a man of integrity and has ever received a large share of patronage. He was born in Bethel, in 1825, and lived on the farm with his father until he was twenty-one years of age. He then went to Massachusets and engaged in trade for nine years and then came back to Bethel and lived on the farm for twenty years before engaging in business on the Hill. Mr. Bean has twice been married, his first wife was Miss A. E. Whitney of Rochester, N. H., she died in 1868, and eight years later he married Miss Abbie G. Cross. He has served the town in the capacity of selectman nine years, is a member of the Masonic Lodge here, and has been postmaster three years.

JARVIS C. BILLINGS.

Billing's carriages are known all over the state and in New Hampshire. Mr. Billings commenced the business thirty years ago and has manufactured and sold hundreds of carriages. In connection with the carriage building he does general blacksmithing and repairing. Mr. Billings was born in Woodstock in 1840, and was married in 1861 to Sarah F. Kilgore of Farmington. They have two children, a son, Robert H. who is a successful druggist in Dorchester, Mass., and one daughter Miss Alice L. Billings. Mr. Billings has been a selectman of the town for three years, and has also been collector of taxes; is a prominent Mason, having held all the offices in the gift of the Subordinate lodge and was District Deputy Grand Master two years. He is also a member of Mount Abram Lodge of Odd Fellows, and belongs to several other secret societies. As a member of the Central committee on the celebration, he has done his part toward carrying the matter ahead. He has recently built some additions to his residence on Mechanic street, and has greatly improved the appearance of the premises.

G. A. HASTING'S RESIDENCE.

J. U. PURINGTON.

The above cut is the pleasant residence of Mr. J. U. Purington. Although Mr. Purington is not a native of Bethel, his service of more than a quarter of a century among her people gives him a place among her citizens. Josiah U. Purington was born in Brunswick, April 30th, 1847. He was the son of Daniel and Pauline (Marriner) Purington. He received his education in the schools of Brunswick, and early entered a mercantile life. In '69 he came to Bethel to clerk for Hon. Robert Chapman, and in '71 became junior partner of the firm of Chapman and Woodbury. Later Mr. Chapman sold out his interest in the business and the firm became Woodbury and Purington. Dec. 28th, 1873, Mr. Purington married Francetta A., daughter of Judge Woodbury. In '92 he bought out Mr. Woodbury's interest in the business and now carries on the business alone. He has been Supt. and Deacon of the Congregational church for many years. He holds the office of town treasurer and is always interested in all the affairs which go for the improvement of our village.

GOULD'S ACADEMY.

BY PROF. F. O. SMALL.

The first settlers of Sudbury Canada brought with them the habits of their Puritan ancestors and early took measures to have their children enjoy the privilege of gaining an education. A school was established as early as 1788, and a schoolhouse was soon built.

In 1835 the citizens formed an organization as trustees of the Bethel High School, a hall was fitted up for a school room, and N. T. True was employed as principal. Encouraged by their success, the trustees re-organized and obtained a charter for an Academy, which by act of the Legislature, January 27, 1836, was incorporated as Bethel Academy. The corporators were John Grover, Moses Mason, Jr., William Frye, Charles Frost, Jedediah Burbank, John Hastings, Stephen Emery, Barbour Bartlett, James Walker, Levi Whitman, Robbins Brown, Valentine Little, George W. Chapman, Timothy Carter, Phineas Frost, Timothy Hastings and Robert A. Chapman. The first meeting of the trustees was held May 2, 1836, when Capt. Timothy Hastings was chosen Chairman, and Hon. Wm. Frye, Secretary.

The act of incorporation was accepted, and a code of by-laws adopted for the government of the school and Board of Trustees. It was voted to erect an Academy building and have it ready for occupancy on the second Wednesday of September following, when the first term commenced, with Isaac Randall as principal. The school opened favorably, and an assistant teacher was employed.

The institution was without funds and depended upon public patronage for support. In 1842 Rev. Daniel Gould, an Orthodox clergyman of Rumford, made a bequest, since known as the "Gould Fund," on condition that the name be changed to "Gould's Academy" in Bethel," which was done. A grant of a half-township of land was made in 1850; this was sold and the proceeds were termed the "State Fund." In 1855 Dr. John Grover made a donation, the interest of which was to be expended only for chemical and physical apparatus.

The present Academy building (a cut of which is given here), was erected in 1881, is well lighted, pleasant, and fully adapted to the purpose for which it was built.

Among other gifts to the Academy should be mentioned those of the citizens of Bethel, who at different times during the early days subscribed such sums as they could for the needs of the institution, and especially in 1882, when $1,123.00 was raised in this way for the purpose of furnishing the new building. Through the kindness of the Bethel Water Company, the building is supplied with pure water.

In 1891, by a resolve of the Legislature, the Academy realized several thousand dollars.

The following persons have served as Presidents of the Board of Trustees: Dr. Timothy Carter, from May 2, 1836, to August 29, 1837; Dr. John Grover from then to December 27, 1853; Dr. Moses Mason to November 6, 1866; Gilman Chapman to November 3, 1885; G. A. Hastings from the last named date till the present time.

The following have been Secretaries: Hon. Wm. Frye, from May 2, 1836, to February 22, 1854; Hon. Robert A. Chapman from October 24, 1854, to February 10, 1858; Hon. R. A. Frye from then to May 18, 1878; Judge Enoch Foster from Nov. 5, 1878 to Nov. 4, 1884; and G. R. Wiley from then until the present time. Those who have served as Trustees during this time are:- Gilman Chapman, Ebenezer Eams, Peter C. Virgin, Alvan Bolster, Eliphalet Hopkins, Elbridge Gerry, James Burbank, Leonard Grover, Alphin Twitchell, Rev. John H. M. Leland, Rev. Edwin A. Buck, O'Neil W. Robinson, Jr., Eber Clough, Rev. David Garland, Maj. G. A. Hastings, Albert L. Burbank, Rev. A. G. Gaines, Rev. J. B. Wheelwright, Albernethy Grover, David Hammons, Dr. George Collins, David Brown, Moses Foster, Rev. Eugene A. Titus, Moses T. Cross, Abner Davis, Charles P. Knight, S. D. Philbrook, Enoch Foster, Samuel B. Twitchell, W. E. Skillings, Ceylon Rowe, G. R. Wiley, Geo. H. Brown, John S. Swan, Charles Mason, John M. Philbrook, Josiah U. Purington, Gilman P. Bean, Henry W. Johnson, A. W. Valentine, A. E. Herrick, Albert W. Grover. The present Board of Trustees is composed of the following persons:- Maj. G. A. Hastings (President), Hon. R. A. Frye, Judge Enoch Foster, S.B. Twitchell (Treasuer), A. L. Burbank, Hon. A. E. Herrick, G. R. Wiley (Secretary), Ceylon Rowe, Chas. Mason (Vice President), Hon. John M. Philbrook, J. U. Purington, Albert W. Grover and G. P. Bean.

The different persons who have served as principals are as follows: Isaac Randall, 1836-7; Wm. R. Chapman, spring term 1838; Joseph Hill, fall term, 1838; Maurice R. Blake, spring and summer terms 1839; Calvin Chapman, fall 1839; Moses Soule, 1840-3; Moses B. Bartlett and Abernethy Grover, fall term 1843; Talleyrand Grover, spring term 1844; David R. Hastings, fall 1844; Amanda A. Barker spring and summer terms 1845; Charles Hurd, 1845; Joseph C. Pickar, 1846-7; Nathaniel T. True, 1848-61; Wellington R. Cross, 1861-2; E. P. Morse, fall 1862; M. C. Fernald, 1863-4; B. P. Snow, 1864-5; W. P. Young, 1865-6; George T. Plummer, 1866-7; George M. Bodge, 1867-71; Chas. H. Hersey, 1872-3; S. A. Thurlow, spring term 1873-4; D. O. S. Lowell, 1874-5; Edwin H. Hall, 1875-6; David M. McPherson, 1876-7; D. T. Timberlake, 1877-80; H. W. Johnson, 1881-5; Albert F. Sweetsir, 1885-6; W. R. Howard, 1886-8; A. C. Dresser, 1888-9; Arthur D. Hall, 1889-92; J. D. Merriman, 1892-4; Edgar M. Simpson, 1894-5; and the present incumbent, Fred Ossian Small. The assistant teachers the past term were Cora Walton Hastings and Alice Emma Purington.

The course of study at first was simple, but as the school increased in numbers more advanced studies were introduced, till now there are four courses of study, three of four years each, one of two years.

The Classical course is intended to prepare pupils for the best American Colleges. The course may be varied to meet the requirements of any college. Great care is given to securing good idiomatic English translations of the languages studied. Also, practice is had in reading the ancient languages at sight, making ability to do this the real test of proficiency.

The literary and scientific courses are designed to fit students for higher Technical and Scientific schools. They are, also, excellent courses for those who do not intend to enter higher institutions of learning, but who want a good general education as a preparation for life. Either of these courses is well adapted to those who are preparing to teach. Systematic instruction is given in mathematics, history, English, and the sciences. Latin, French, and German are offered in these courses.

The business course is designed for those who have not the time to take a longer course, but who wish a better equipment for business than can be obtained in the common schools.

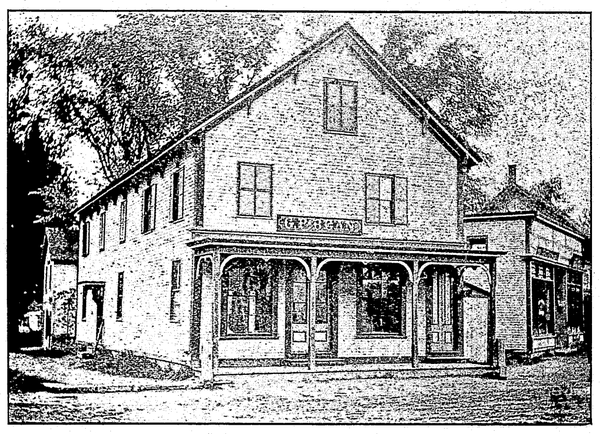
Declamations and compositions are required from each student as a part of the necessary work.

The list of graduates from this school is a long one, and includes the names of many who have reached positions of honor and influence in all parts of the country.

From the very first the school was popular. Situated as it is in a pretty village, among the hills of Oxford County, unsurpassed in the beauty and grandeur of their scenery, Gould's Academy has always received its share of public patronage, and has been the envy of institutions in less favored localities.

The future of the school never looked brighter than it does now. The term just closed has been one of the most successful in the history of the institution, and Principal Small and his popular and efficient teachers are doing much to make the school stand among the first, and to merit the support which it receives.

How do you like this number of the NEWS? Don't you think you better try it for a year?



J. U. PURINGTON'S RESIDENCE.

BETHEL CHAIR COMPANY.

This is a corporation made up of some of the best business men in town, and is one of the few concerns of the kind that has run for the past ten years without shutting down except to make necessary repairs. They make a very extensive line of fine and fancy chairs, the largest in New England, if not in the country, and the fact that they have kept busy for the past two years, while all other firms making the same line of goods in this state, have failed, or gone out of business, not only speaks well for the management, but shows how popular are the Bethel chairs with the furniture trade of the country. At present they are employing forty hands, which number will be increased as soon as the business of the country gets back into working order from the present free trade paralysis. Mr. Park, the treasurer is a young man of sterling integrity and fine financial ability. Mr. Young the general salesman, while a young man, has already had ten years experience with the chair trade, and is no doubt the most successful chair salesman that trades in New England. Mr. Barrows, the president and general manager, who every one would take for a young man, learned the chair trade in 1850, and has given his undivided attention, except while in the army, to the chair business. The present is the tenth year that this company has been in business in town, and we are glad to be assured that they will continue for another ten years to come.

J. C. BILLINGS.

If you want extra copies of this number to send to friends, order them at once.

The Missing Girl.

We now have girls of every kind—
The bloomer girl so pert,
The golf girl and the horsy girl,
Who wears her brother's shirt.
We have the giddy summer girl,
The winter girl as well.
But where, oh, where's the girly girl?
Can anybody tell?
—Philadelphia Record.

It Seemed Strange.

Banner—The foreigners are getting an awful hold on this country.

Crosby—They are indeed. Why, I read over a list of men naturalized by the court yesterday, and, by thunder, every one of them was a foreigner.—

PERT POLITICS.

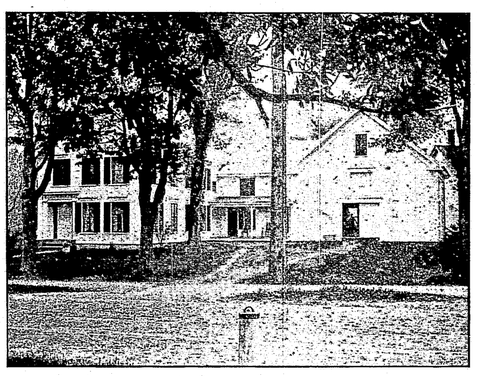
If there are no spoils, the victors will soon be forced to retire from business.—Washington Post.

A curious thing about statesmen on the fence is that they generally have an eye on some post or other.—Philadelphia Times.

The campaign has already had the effect of directing attention to much available presidential material for 1900.—Washington Star.

It is believed that President Cleveland will wake up some morning and include himself in the civil service rules.—St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald.

The average politician doesn't really want to cast the mote from his neighbor's eye. There is too much political capital in it.—Detroit Tribune.



F. H. YOUNG'S RESIDENCE.

Great Reduction

IN THE PRICE OF

Jackets and Capes.

WE MUST

close out every garment we have left and will make a prioe that will suit any one desiring. Come in and price them.

We Have an Elegant Line of

Shirt Waists, Underwear, and Hosiery, Notions, &c.

Yours respectfully,

Noyes & Andrews,

NORWAY, - ME.

Kimball's Studio,

(SUCCESSOR TO C. S. YORK)

Photographs and Portraits That Please.

All negatives retained for future orders, which can be had at reduced rates. Old pictures copied and enlarged. Fine Crayons a specialty. Bethel views. Full line of frames.

MAIN STREET.

BURIAL CASKETS

Cloth Covered and Polished, at low prices for first quality of goods; also Metallic Caskets in adult sizes. Embalming done and Embalming Fluid for sale.

N. B.— A good Hearse will be furnished and funerals attended at short notice. We carry a good assortment of

FURNITURE

In all the various kinds, which will be sold at satisfactory prices. Also Carpeting and Curtain Fixtures, Baby Carriages, Children's Wagons and Carts, Spring Beds and Mattresses.

Pictures Framed to order at short notice and Glass furnished for pictures.

MIRRORS

And Mirror Plates for Old Frames.

Furniture of all kinds promptly repaired. Perforated Chair Seats for old frames.

E. B. GODDARD,

Opposite M. E. Church.

Bethel, - - Me.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

PREACHED MAY 17, AT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BEFORE THE GRADUATING CLASS OF GOULD'S ACADEMY.

BY REV. F. E. BARTON.

SINGLENESS OF AIM.

This one thing I do. Phil. 3:13.

Probably we can find the best illustration of the words of our text in the personality of the man who uttered them. The ruling principle of a most successful life is indicated when Paul says: "This one thing I do." It indicates a clear vision of the end to be reached, as well as a determined spirit to gain it. "I am resolved," he says, "not to know anything, save Jesus Christ." Not that Paul was unmindful of the material side of life, for he was an intensely practical man; a tent maker by trade, working and preaching by turns. A man who believed that while we may have several minor claims or purposes in life, it is necessary if we hope for success, to place them all under the influence of one supreme motive. We cannot all be inspired apostles, or great philosophers, but the principle which made their lives rich, we can have in ours. The principle is to be interested in something worthy. To have an object, an aim, a purpose outside ourselves. It is the highest distinction of man, that he is capable of living with an aim. There are many in the world who are "just going" to accomplish their mission. They never succeed in doing the great things. Always hopeful for that which is to come to-morrow. Micawber-like, they are impatient at the delay of good fortune, but are very sure that their turn to be rich will come soon. And so they wait, until at last some friend writes for an epitaph; "For forty years he was just going to, then he died." There is no more serious or important matter we can consider than "life's aim." It is important because it intimately concerns success, and still more, because it concerns the formation and developement of character. How many are there in the world, who if arrested in the midst of their activity to-morrow, and asked the why of their industry and energy, would respond with solemn responsibility: "I was born on purpose for this, and I do it for that reason." How many would sound the depth of their being, and answer: "I believe I was created for higher ends than these." Our aim in life, is that object or end, which draws to itself our highest thoughts, aspirations, or endeavors. It is that purpose which, consciously or unconsciously makes the strong mid current in the stream of activity, that ever moves onward, however many may be the eddies and transient back currents that perplex the stream's margin. Efficeincy demands consecration of effort. Aimless effort is fruitless effort. The history of experience abounds with illustrations of this truth. Chance is opposed in nature to law and order. As suggested by Dr. Munger: "It is the abdication of reason, and the enthronement of guess." The chance element in business as further declared by this eminent writer, "is not only demoralizing to the man, but in the long run, is disastrous to his fortunes. If it yields a temporary success, it is success unearned, and therefore unappreciated. For we must put somewhat of thought and genuine effort into an enterprise, before we can get any substantial good out of it. Therefore do not abjure reason, by appealing to chance, or insult order, by taking up that which "by confusion stands'." We do not hear so much today about young men figuring out sums on the back of a shovel by a flickering fire light, or conning latin lessons by the light of a pitch torch. Yet many such an early experience has blossomed into success, because of the purpose, the aim, or the plan that stimulated the effort. Many remember the celebrated reply to Hayne, as being the supreme effort of Daniel Webster's life. And yet the single three hours speech which gave to him his fame, which sounded his name from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi; which made all the men of the north feel that a mighty statesmen had come at last; that three hours speech was the work of the twenty years behind it. The great orator confessed again and again, that if he had not toiled in obscurity, had not labored faithfully by day, and faithfully by night, year after year, when the golden moment came he would not have been strong enough to grasp the opportunity and make it his own. What a lesson do we find in his experiences Look at the lives of the giants in this great country. Ask them, as they sit on the throne of their success "if they are there by chance?" And in nine cases out of ten they will tell you, "No! success, comes not by chance." It comes out of the brave hand, with a brave heart, that is willing to fight it out on some particular line of opportunity. The failure of many a business or professional man is traceable to his lack of concentration upon some one line, or being devoid of an aim. Versatility is overpraised. Realizing that there is a certain value in having many strings to one's bow taken as a whole there is more value in having a bow, and a string, a hand and an eye, that will every time send the arrow into the center of the target. The manufacturer who dabbles in stocks or cultivates margins in oil or wheat, will, as a rule, soon find himself with a depreciated credit and a short account at the bank. The minister, for I will not be partial in my illustration—who dabbles in horse flesh, over and above what is necessary for his private use, will never amount to much, as far as the interests of the Kingdom are concerned. Paul did not engage in tent making, simply as a speculation; the income derived from that source was solemnly dedicated to the chief aim of his life, and that was the preaching of the gospel. If you are endowed with gifts suitable to the calling of a mechanic, an author, a preacher or a teacher, dignify your calling by keeping the chief end in view. It is, to a certain degree, lamentable, that young men of the present time, as a class, are not facing life with a resolute and definite purpose, which is essential both to manhood and external success. In a neighboring town, a short time ago, I was congratulating a young man upon the fact of his just having graduated from college, after which I asked him what he had chosen for a life work. He told me that "he had not made up his mind as yet." "As yet," think of it! four years in the grammar school, four years in the Academy, and four years in college, and still no purpose in view. This young man represents a class, and quite a large class too, who are content to take things pretty much as they come. As I study the early lives of the men and women who have become eminent in usefulness in our day, I am impressed with the fact that there is far less of this early measurement, and laying hold of life with some definite intent, than there was a generation or two ago. Many young men of today, do not so much choose to go to college, as suffer themselves to be sent. They do not push their way into "callings," but allow themselves to be led into them. Indeed, the sacred word "calling," seems to have lost its meaning. They hear no voice summoning them to the appointed field, unless it may be the voice of the umpire. Many appear to be waiting. To be floating with the current, instead of rowing up stream toward the hills where lie the treasures of life. I mean, of course, that this seems to be the drift, not that it is the deliberate purpose. Saint Paul, with such devotion to his work that he counted death nothing, if thereby he might perfect his ministry; gathered the purpose, the stimulus, that made his work the most successful of human achievements. We think of him as one who was terribly in earnest, the fruit of whose experince has given to the world the highest type of Christian manhood, whose sacred literature is the inspiration, guide and counsel of millions of souls today. "I will go wherever the cause of my master leads me. I will do with all my might, whatever God calls me especially to do." This is the lesson of his life. And that my work may never fail to be the best that I can do, I will hold fast to the aim of my life which is to come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the son of God into a perfect man. A perfect man. A well rounded character. Every element of his being fitted and furnished. Strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. Dr. Franklin, wishing to cultivate good habits and educate himself to virtue, made out a list of faults which he desired to correct, and virtues he wished to acquire, and took them up, one by one. That was well, but he found it difficult. An easier and more satisfactory way is to seek first the Kingdom. By giving the heart to God and man in love. The entire property of the rose is found in the seed which is planted. So, whenever we are living in a spirit of love to God and man, we have in us the rudiments and germs of whatever else is true, noble and good. Paul says: "I am determined not to know anything, (relatively speaking) save Jesus Christ," as a sure foundation upon which to build. Knowledge, eloquence, prophecy, all change and pass. All opinion is for a time. All the beliefs of man alter with the advancing years. We see nothing now as our ancestors looked at it. We see nothing as we saw it ourselves when we were children. But, amidst this ebb and flow of things, where all is so fleeting; where everything comes and goes, and our life seems like a dream, or a brief tale; some things are as unmovable as the unmovable stars. And this is: trust in God, hope in a great good, and above all, love, which is God's own immortal essence. These shall remain when all things else have been swept away. Thus speaks the prophetic heart of the great Apostle, while preparing for the great aim of his life: "This one thing I do." "Forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ."

Class of '96:

May the words of the Apostle be a stimulation and an encouragement to your efforts. "This one thing I do." There is no shore bounding the possibilities of your mental, moral, or spiritual life. Your thoughts, your hopes, your aspirations, will find this to be a world of generous creation, where seen and unseen glories surpass your every need, and exceed your highest sweep of imagination.

It is my earnest hope that you may catch some of the inspiration of him who uttered the words of our text, to induce you to take aim. To take good aim, if you have not already. To live under a purpose rather than an impulse. To conceive of life as a race, rather than a drift. To be able to say heartily with Paul: "This one thing I do." Which means to centre the life, with all its opportunities. To aim it well. Is it not appropriate that you ask yourself, "Whither am I going?" As well as what am I becoming in thought, feeling and character. Many young people who step upon the threshold of life's responsibilities, neglect the most important question that waits for an answer. What am I living for? What shall be the supreme purpose and result of my life? Perhaps, as a class, you anticipated what I should say to you this morning; at all events, your motto is supremely happy in its suggestion: "We direct our way upward to the stars." I should fail were I to presume an improvement upon that. May this motto which you have selected, be an inspiration to you in the future, dear friends, if you are ever tempted to a course in any other direction. Be generous, as well as resolute in your aim. Generous toward those less fortunate in life. Remember that we only truly rise in proportion as we help others to rise also. Millett has painted in the Angelus, "The thought of prayer." And if, upon the canvas of life, you can work the thought, or speak the thought, that shall move another souls thought upward toward God, you will have fulfilled a sacred purpose in your generation. It may be by the voice, you can inspire men to nobler deeds. It may be by the pen, you may live thoughts that are eternal. May you not only feel that you are passing out, but up. As suggested by your motto, up, up, by a well directed series of progressive steps. Far up among the shining heights, cloud capped, away toward the shining sun, the royal symbol of our nations glory, puts off, year by year, the plumage that marked him in the year that has passed. Putting off the old plumage, to put on the new. This is the lesson for the earnest man or woman. Day by day putting that which is accomplished beneath the feet and behind; and putting on some new idea to fight yet stronger the battle that is set before us. May you, my friends, forget the things that are behind, those things that have perplexed you, while you press forward toward the mark of the prize that is set before you.

"What is the secret of your life?" asked Mrs. Browning of Chas. Kingsley. He replied, "I had a friend." There is a leverage in the power of friendship, that we know not of, until the friends pass out of sight. You have been favored. Kind friends have assisted you. Friends who sympathize most heartily with every rightful ambition you may have for the future. Remember your teacher. Be loyal in your future interest, for the time honored institution you are about to leave. Reserve in memory's casket, a few gems of thought that shall testify to a just appreciation of the leaders and their assistants who for years have faithfully and earnestly labored in its behalf. Our prayer is, that you may rise by worthy aspirations and Christian graces, daily, toward Him who is the Father of light, and make, even of the cares and trials of life, so many cloud-steps, to that higher temple, where He shows Himself, face to face.

BETHEL BOASTS.

Mayville.
500 voters.
Truckmen.
Cider mill.
Corn shop.
Good roads.
Five hotels.
1 spool mill.
One Dentist.
A brass band.
A tennis club.
Two cobblers.
A town farm.
Cattle drover.
Savings bank.
Three parrots.
Puzzle Editor.
A trial justice.
Kimball Park.
Trotting park.
A town library.
Five churches.
Pension agent.
A bicycle club.
A Taxidermist.
Two stage lines.
Buttor factory.
"Ladies' Club."
Five physicians.
A new fire bell.
A base ball nine.
Public Common.
Riverside house.
Six blacksmiths.
Three saw mills.
Good fruit store.
Town grist mills.
One law student.
Handsome lawns.
2,250 inhabitants.
Two meat shops.
Two drug stores.
Many large elms.
"Honest Corner."
Mineral deposits.
Five sign painters.
Two barber shops.
House decorator.
Four public halls.
Two undertakers.
Gould's Academy.
Veterinary dentist.
Some sweet singers.
Two jewelry stores.
Two sewing machine agents.
Rubber stamp manufacturer.
A finely arranged post-office.
Two "best horses in Maine."
Best newspaper in the county.
A Judge of the Supreme Court.
Best skating rink in the state.
A grand centennial celebration.
Dogs worth about a dime each.
Many elegant private residences.
Four ladies who paint on canvas.
Best chair factory in New England.
Thirty-nine amatuer photographers.
Healthiest situation in New England.
The oldest trapper of the Rangeleys.
The most beautiful scenery in Maine.
The best small boys in New England.
Largest furniture store in the county.
Water excelled by none in the United States.
A fisherman with a record of a 5 1-4 lb. trout.
100 prosperous years as an incorporated town.
The best public school building in the county.
Town clerk who has held the office twenty-four years.
A physician 88 years old who is still in active practice.
A telegraph operator who sings "They're after me."
An old settler who don't believe in bicycles, "b'mighty."
A photographer who will take your baby's picture "wiggle or no wiggle."
The following secret societies: Odd Fellows, Masonic, Golden Cross, Good Templars, Pilgrim Fathers, Grangers, Grand Army, Rebekah Lodge.

BETHEL WANTS.

Electric lights.
A shoe factory.
More side-walks.
Summer boarders.
A stone library building.
Catterpillar exterminator.
A railroad to Rumford Falls.
Endowment for library building.

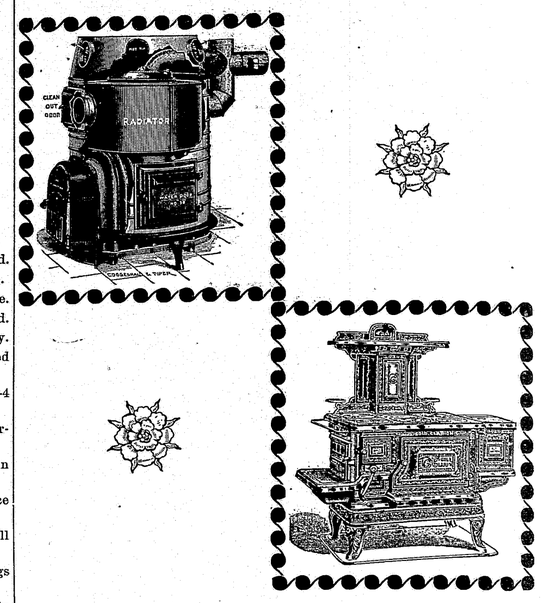
No Danger.

Jorkins—I am going to have my bank bills disinfected before I handle them.

Mrs. Jorkins—For what reason?

Jorkins—To remove the danger of contagion to my family.

Mrs. Jorkins—I never heard of your family being exposed.—Detroit Free Press.



Hardware.

We carry everything in this Great Line, both Staples and Specialties.

Quick Meal Gasoline Stoves.
Tinware,
Ranges,
Stoves,
Cutlery.
Glass,
Paints,
Putty,
Oils,
Guns,
Revolvers,
Cartridges,
Powder,

Our Departments for

Kitchen Goods,

TOOLS OF ALL SORTS.

BARBED WIRE FOR FENCES,

and all sorts of Mechanical Appliances must be visited and seen in detail to be appreciated.

CROCKERY & GLASSWARE.

Come One. Come All!

Sweeperette.

THE BEST.

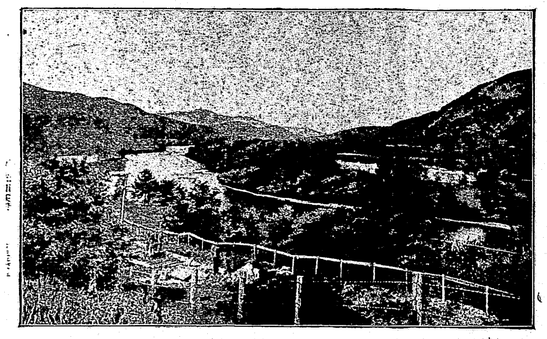
Plumbing Promptly Attended.

Hastings Bros.

Agents For

Worcester Buckeye Mower and PARIS PLOWS.

Wood Bishop & Co's Momtor and Climax Furnaces, & Clarion Ranges.



VIEW OF THE ANDROSCOGGIN FROM GILEAD ROAD.

How She Liked Them.

The poet Wordsworth's grave in quaint old Grasmere churchyard was literally ablaze with spring flowers in commemoration of his one hundred and twenty-sixth birthday. There are still several old inhabitants who remember him and his devoted sister Dorothy. One of them told me an amusing story of the latter when they lived at Rydal. Watching a fight of wood pigeons one day, she half unconsciously exclaimed out aloud, "How beautiful!" An old woman laden with fagots heard her. "Aye, but I like 'em better in a pie," she remarked as she passed.—Lady's Pictorial.

A Lack of Common Sense.

It is a remarkable exhibition of want of common sense, and of stolid adherence to bad methods because they are old, that any community should spend money and labor for a few weeks in the year to "improve" its roads and allow narrow tired vehicles to cut them up all the year round.—Charleston News.

Time to Be Moving.

In view of the enormous losses to the farmer and the business interests of the country, is it not time to give the demand for good roads not only a state but a national impetus?—Omaha World-Herald.

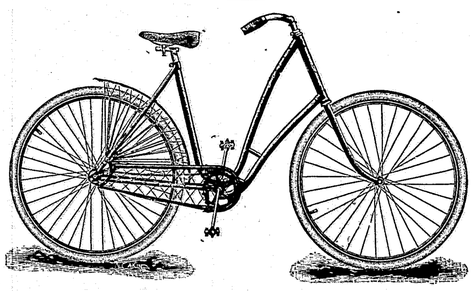
Twenty-two streets.
Three fish peddlers.
Three good lawyers.
Brown Relief Corps.
Two deputy sheriffs.
Two hose companies.
Four bicycle dealers.
Three livery stables.
Brevet Brig. General.
Six dry goods stores.
One retired physician.
Four novelty turners.
Honest town officers.
Manufacturers agent.
Three dealers in coal.
Two honest milkmen.
Two insurance agents.
Two public fountains.
Three dramatic clubs.
Four stamp collectors.
About twenty widows.
The boss prevaricator.
Young's harness shop.
Several poultry farms.
Four blacksmith shops.

What the Roads Needed.

Three years ago I wanted to build two porches to my house and had to haul my logs three miles to get to a sawmill. I struck the road upon which the owner of the mill was hauling lumber to the railroad. He had broad tires on his wheels and had been hauling all the winter, wet or dry, and always carried 1,000 feet at a load. Notwithstanding this he had a good road, with ruts not over three inches deep at any place. It was a comfort to haul over the road, and I continued this for five days with about the same load that he had. As the result, when I got through with my hauling my narrow tires had cut into his road up to the axles, and I saw at once what our roads needed.—Cor. Southern Planter.

Bad Roads Are Costly.

Fire engines, attempting to reach a fire in a Long Island village, a few nights ago, failed because the roads were so bad that the engines became stalled in the mud and could not be moved. This is what is liable to happen in any place which is full of bad roads and unimproved streets, and the loss occasioned by one such failure as this is liable to be greater than the total cost of making a road of some length. Bad roads do not pay, no matter how you view them.—Jersey City Journal.



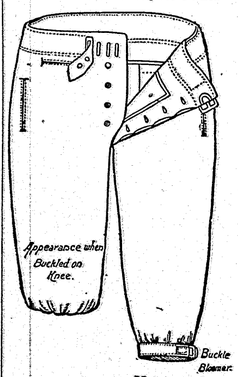
Still They Go.

If you want to ride a wheel with the four hundred

BUY YOUR BICYCLE OF ALLEN.

I can sell you a wheel at most any price. If you want a cheap wheel I can furnish you one but you will find that it will cost you more in the end of the season. Don't experiment with new wheels without any reputation when you can buy a standard make that you know is all right and pay no more for it.

Boston Patent Bicycle Pants



FULL LINE OF

Bicycle

Clothing,

Repairs, &c.

Prices always the lowest. Bring you wheel in and exchange it for a new one I will allow you allyour w heel is worth

If you wantto get your wheel repaired, it is a good time before the rush begins.

Yours truly,

F. M. Allen, Bethel, Me.

Main St., Opposite G.P. Bean's Store.

THE DR. GROVER PLACE, NOW "THE ELMS."

A Woman's Wail.

Oh, the dishes! Oh, the dishes!
Just the same old weary round.
If I realized my wishes,
Not a dish would e'er be found,
For I'd have them made of paper,
Very light and very cheap,
And when every meal was over
I would throw them in a heap,
And I'd burn them up for fuel.
We could get more in a minute.
Then life wouldn't seem so cruel
With no washing dishes in it!
—New York Recorder.

Sacrilege.

When those whom heav'n distinguishes o'er millions,
Profusely gives them honors, riches, power,
Whate'er the expanded heart can wish; when they,
Accepting the reward, neglect the duty,
Or, worse, pervert those gifts to deeds of ruin,
Is there a wretch they rule so mean as they,
Guilty at once of sacrilege to heaven
And of perfidious robbery to man?
—Hallet.

Seventeen horse jockeys.
Three hardware stores.
Extensive fruit orchards.
Beautiful flower gardens.
Three traveling salesmen.
An obliging station agent.
Seventy-nine pretty girls.
Marble and granite works.
Two Ex-judges of Probate.
Forty-eight bicycle riders.
Numerous boarding houses.
People in town over ninety.
Two carriage manufacturers.
A hook and ladder company.
Old Indian camping ground.
Forty-seven "girl bachelors."

The Difference In Roads.

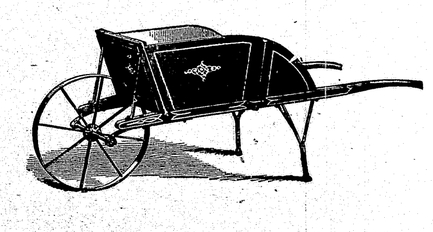
There are civilization, enlightenment and economy in good roads. Good roads lead to prompt and steady attendance upon church services, schoolroom duties, neighborly intercourse and social advancement. Bad roads lead to profanity, worry, trials and tribulations and lots of time.—Galveston Tribune.

A Good Thing.

Every good road is a monument to itself. Every bad road is its own destroyer. People who know a good thing when they see it like pleasant, serviceable roads.—Exchange.

The Real Drain.

The drain on the farmer's resources
That is really the tryingest load,
Not only to him, but his horses,
Is caused, as you know it of course is,
By not rightly draining the road.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.



COL. EDW4RDS IN 1894.

CLARK S. EDWARDS.

"I will not ask for a leave of absence while within the hearing of the booming of rebel cannon. You say if it is possible for me to get out of it, that you wish me to do so. But then my country calls quite as loud."

These are noble sentiments and they do credit to the hero and patriot who uttered them. They were written by Colonel Clark S. Edwards of the Fifth Maine home to his wife in August, 1862, just after McClellan's army had been transferred to the vicinity of Washington from Harrison's Landing on the James river. Pope's army was retreating toward the Potomac, hard pressed by the Confederates, who expected to destroy it before it formed a junction with McClellan's troops.

It was a dark time for the country and many were despondent as to the fate of the Republic. It was "a time that tried men's souls."

COL. EDWARDS IN 1864.

General Clark Swett Edwards is the youngest son of Enoch and Abigial (McLellan) Edwards, and was born in Otisfield, Me., March 26th, 1824. He came to Bethel forty-eight years ago and bought out Kimball and Pattee, and went into trade in a store near the common. Later he built a store near the depot and continued in business for a number of years. He has during his residence in Bethel, built three stores and six dwelling houses in various parts of the village, and in many ways he has contributed to the growth and prosperity of Bethel Hill. In 1849 he married Maria A., daughter of Ayers Mason, Esq., a most estimable woman and a devoted wife and mother. Her death in 1885 has been deeply mourned by the family. Mr. Edwards has by frugality and economy accumulated considerable property in and around Bethel. He owns about 1,000 acres of land in town, and twice this amount in adjoining towns. He has always been interested in agriculture and has made as much improvement in this line as anyone in town. Mr. Edwards is everywhere known as "Col." Edwards, but is entitled to higher rank, for near the close of the war, for conspicuous bravery he was promoted to Brigadier General by brevet.

THE RESIDENCE OF A. T. ROWE.

Among the nice residences on Broad street is that of Mr A. T. Rowe. The house was formerly the Hammond's house, but several years ago Mr. Rowe purchased the property and finished and furnished the house into an elegant summer home, and here Mr. and Mrs. Rowe spend their summer vacations. They have already arrived from their home in Boston, and will remain for several weeks. Last year Mr. Rowe made some extensive repairs on the stable and purchased a fine pair of roadsters, which he took to the city.

GEORGE J. HAPGOOD.

On Main street is the store of John Hapgood. The business is run by his brother, George J., and they carry a good stock of groceries, sporting goods, fruit and confectionery, tobacco and cigars. Their stock is fresh and up-to-date. Mr. Hapgood is thirty-four years of age, and has been in business ten years. He married in 1886 Mary L. Emerson, and has one daughter seven years of age. He is a member of the Odd Fellows lodge, of this place, and is a man of good habits.

GEORGE A. PLAISTED.

The accompanying cut shows the livery-stable and residence of George A. Plaisted. Mr. Plaisted has been in the livery business in Bethel for about twenty years, and keeps from ten to twelve horses, all good teams. He built this house and stable four years ago, and has a very comfortable home. He was born in Biddeford in 1845, and first moved into East Bethel thirty-six years ago; five years later he moved into this village. He married Roxanna B. Goddard, and has one son, Harry E., and one daughter, Susie A. Mr. Plaisted delivers the express and carries the mail to and from the post office and depot.

R. E. L. FARWELL.

Mr. Farwell has been engaged in business in the village since 1889. He represents one of the oldest families in town, being the son of Robert F. Farwell. He was born June 14, 1840 and lived on the home farm on Farwell hill, until he began business in the village. He was married November 14, 1880 and has one child, Ethel M., who is fourteen years old. Mr. Farwell carries a good line of groceries, fruit, confectionery, etc., and is one of the business men who have the respect and good will of the communtity.

BOARDS OF TRADE.

When Intelligently Directed They Are Potent Forces For Good.

The impetus that can be imparted to the business of a community by a capable board of trade has received practical demonstration in so many instances that its work cannot be questioned. The organization of business men in San Jose, Cal., has probably been as successful as any of recent date. Referring to its excellent work, a correspondent says:

Viewing San Jose's successful past and prosperous present and bearing in mind that there are many formative influences today to make it a city of greater population and commercial power, it is no wonder that those who study the forces at work have great hopes for what the next decade has in store.

One of the most hopeful forces here is the commercial energy of the board of trade, which organization is as progressive as any similar body in the state. In it are focalized the best influences of the business world. An idea of the good work it is doing may be gained by reference to the fact that it is back of almost every projected enterprise for the upbuilding of the city and that it has been identified with the large enterprises that have given the city good streets, the best electric car service in the country, unsurpassed electric lights and magnificent waterworks.

This sterling company of progressive business men never lags, but usually leads in the fight for improvements. It maintains a well equipped information bureau and annually distributes hundreds of thousands of useful pamphlets and tracts giving information about the city and county. Think of the enterprise that keeps two palatial cars traveling in the east year in and year out! Its "Santa Clara County on Wheels" is a symbol of progress and a missionary in the land. From these cars thousands of books of information are given away. They carry hundreds of jars filled with fruits, and every nook and corner of the exhibit is an object lesson that easterners can never forget.

There is something attractive in the energy of these Santa Clara county business men, whose faith is based on a belief in the country's future. Active as they are, they are not nervous and impatient, but they fulfill the statement of Emerson that "the man with the facts fears not the future," or that of Balzac, who says in "Eugenie Grandet" that all human power is made up of time and patience, and that men of influence can afford to wait. These men have that courage which builds cities, which lays the foundations and awaits the coming of a new and better time.

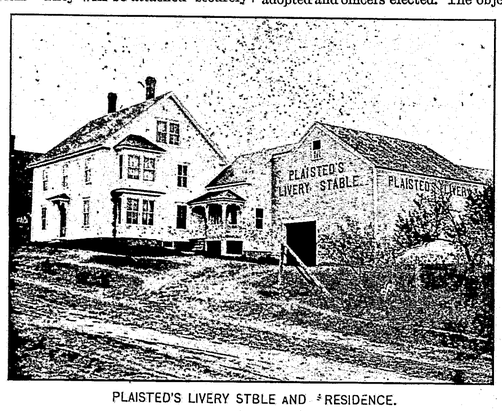
RECEPTACLES FOR PAPER.

Women of Philadelphia Make a Move In the Interest of Clean Streets.

The public spirited women of the Civic club of Philadelphia have made a most important move in the crusade now being conducted by the club in the interest of a cleaner, healthier and more beautiful city by placing 45 receptacles for waste paper in the Seventh ward.

The matter is under the supervision of a special committee of the department of municipal government of the Civic club, the members of which are united in an endeavor to make this the beginning of a movement which, extended to other wards, will in the course of time result in very much cleaner streets for Philadelphia.

The receptacles are about three feet deep, made of iron and painted dark green. They will be attached securely



PLAISTED'S LIVERY STBLE AND RESIDENCE.

to the lampposts and are constructed with adjustable base, so that the contents can be readily emptied into a sack and deposited in the street cleaners' wagons.

Similar receptacles have worked to great advantage in Chicago, where they were first introduced by the Civic federation; in Boston and in Hartford, where the improvement was secured by the Civic club.

Once the public feels an individual responsibility in aiding to maintain the cleanliness of the city and in time learns to deposit in proper receptacles what is now thoughtlessly thrown upon the highways, a seven league stride will have been made toward a cleaner city.

Tea and Coffee.

British trade statistics show that tea is driving coffee out of the market in the United Kingdom. England has always been a great country for tea drinking, and now the British taste for that beverage is apparently stronger and more nearly universal than ever. In the United States, although a very great portion of the population is of almost unmixed British origin, coffee completely overshadows tea in common use. There is no reason to believe that the latter will ever become popular here in the same sense that coffee is already, and the coffee trade increases constantly.

Nations differ in such matters to a very remarkable degree. Germany, like the United States, is a coffee drinking country, and so is France to a less extent. Russia, on the other hand, is more devoted to tea than England, and China and Japan care as little for coffee as the Turks do for the tea which the yellow races of eastern Asia consume in enormous quantities. In some cases the climate seems to be a determining influence, the lower the temperature the greater being the consumption of tea and the smaller the coffee trade. There are notable exceptions, however, for Germany, where coffee leads by long odds, is a land of colder weather in winter than the British isles experience. Japan, where tea is universally used, is warmer than Asia Minor, where the Turks drink coffee very freely.

However, as a rule, the colder countries prefer tea to coffee, and in the warmer climates coffee is easily first in popularity.—Cleveland Leader.

WHERE THE LOSS BELONGS.

Don't Charge It to the Crops When the Real Cause Is Muddy Roads.

Time spent in marketing farm produce is a dead loss, says The L. A. W. Bulletin.

This loss falls on the crop produced by the farmer. The dappled fields of green and golden wheat know it and the corn leaves whisper it to the lazy pumpkins yellowing in autumn sun.

They know that against them will be charged all the time of horses and men and all the wear and tear of vehicles employed in transporting them to market.

They know that if the road to town is very bad and but half a load can be marketed in twice the time required for marketing a full load with a good road, it will all count against them when the year's business is finished and the books are balanced.

They know that production and consumption are the great contending factors of the farm. Horses and men are consuming the crop while they are producing it. The consumption of it does not end until it is exchanged for its cash equivalent. The fewer the number of horses and men, and the less the amount of time employed in producing and marketing it, the more there will be to credit to the worth of the crop.

The mud tax, or stony road tax, or the steep grade tax is assessed against the product of the fields.

If the farm isn't a paying investment, the "why" should be looked into.

The farm itself may show a profit The miserable road to market may be the unprofitable part of the business. Roads should be so made that loads can be hauled to market when fields are too wet to work.

Quit charging the fields with the great loss of time, the broken vehicles, the wornout horses and the many other ills occasioned by poor roads.

WOMEN TO THE FRONT.

Ladies of Plainfield, N. J., Combine For the Purpose of Improving the Town.

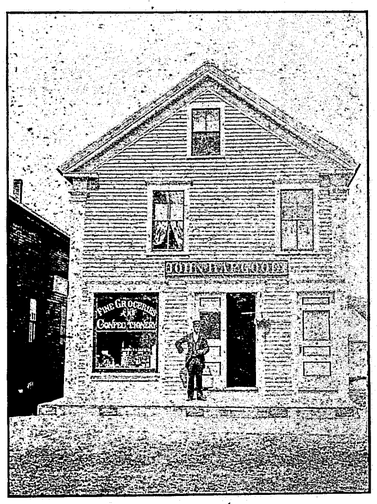
The women of Plainfield, N. J., have shown that they are not lacking in civic pride by the organization of a woman's town improvement association composed of leading representatives of the wealth and culture of that beautiful town. A constitution and bylaws have been adopted and officers elected. The objects of the association as expressed in the constitution are:

"The objects of the association shall be to arouse among our residents deeper interest in the welfare of our city and our homes and of suggesting how women may discharge their municipal obligations to assist the city authorities in securing observance of all laws and regulations which have for their object the health, cleanliness and beauty of Plainfield and North Plainfield and to interest the co-operation of all women to this end."

The appointment of the committees gives a clearer idea of the real intents and purposes of the association. One of the committees was empowered to look after the condition of the streets, another was to see to sanitary things, a third was in charge of local finances, a fourth will keep an eagle eye on the street railroad. There was also a committee on humane authority and another to keep the young in the right path. The city park committee was given into the hands of the president.

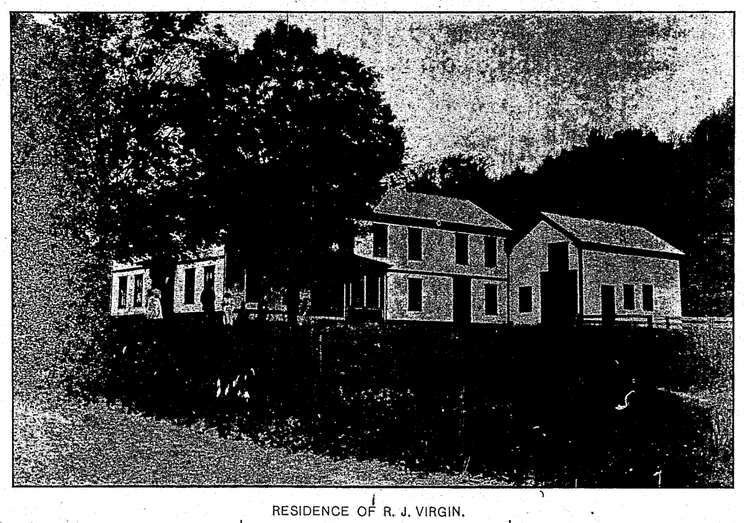
A cruelty to children committee, a cruelty to animals committee and an outlook for future advancement committee were also appointed, with full power.

Money for the needs of the association will be provided by the payment of 50 cents yearly dues by each member. Sustaining members shall pay $10 a year, associate members $1, and life membership may be had for $25. Girls under 18 years of age may become members by the payment of 10 cents.



HAPGOOD'S STORE.

RESIDENCE OF A. T. ROWE.



RESIDENCE OF R. J. VIRGIN.

"WE ARE FOR CLEAN STREETS."

Children of New York Wear Badges Bearing This Motto.

Street Commissioner Waring of New York, in a recent address on street cleaning delivered at Philadelphia, spoke of the help afforded his department by the children. He said:

"We have been receiving assistance in our street cleaning work recently from a source that we had little expected—namely, from the children. It originated almost spontaneously with the children connected with the Hebrew institute on East Broadway. They are children who live in the crowded quarters of the city. They have but few matters in which they can take interest, and the thought of being useful in a way of this kind and of wearing a badge appealed to their fancy. We have found, too, that the influence of one or two organizations of this sort is much greater than was supposed.

"A number of children's organizations have been formed, and they have proved very useful in stopping the people from throwing rubbish into the streets. More than in any other way, however, good will result from these organizations of children improving the standards of cleanliness in the houses themselves. The children pick up little hints as to housewifely ways which they put into practice, and they also become interested in municipal affairs in a manner which will result in their becoming better citizens when they grow up. There are many clubs of this kind now in process of formation. The little badges that are worn by the children are only given after they have passed through a sort of probationary period. The badges bear the motto, 'We are for clean streets.'"

How She Saved Dollars.

I study advertisements, and I know where and when and how to purchase the household supplies. My husband used to laugh at me for reading advertisements so carefully, but he has long since learned that I save many dollars every month. I know of no better way to practice economy. It is a wonder how soon you learn to detect the real from the false—intuitively, almost. I think I have never been "taken in" by an advertisement. There is always something about the false ones that repels me. To the economical housekeeper the advertisements are the most important part of any publication.—Womankind.

The Local Newspaper.

However good city papers may become and however cheap they may be sold, they can never supplant or destroy the local press. The demand for local news in each individual section of the country is as great as the demand for the world's news in big cities, and there will always be a local press to supply that demand. It is nonsense to talk of the papers of the large cities fulfilling the universal demand.—Newspaper Maker.

SOUTH BETHEL.

PAST AND PRESENT.

South Bethel is the name applied to this part of the town as a whole, and is also the name of the post-office, but the place is better known as Walker's Mills; but I think the energy and enterprise of the present owner of these mills entitles him the credit of a new name, and I suggest that "Virgin's Mills" would be entirely proper; little or nothing is left of the original Walker's Mills. Mr. Virgin has rebuilt and enlarged them until they are among the best in this part of the county. Mr. Virgin was a native of Hanover, and came to this place and opened a grain store in 1880. In '82, he was joined in the business by Chas. Hutchins, who remained with him two years, when the partnership was dissolved. About this time the mill was refitted for sawing birch; since that time he has paid thousands of dollars to the farmers in this vicinity. In '88 he bought the old saw-mill of W. H. Goddard, and for five years run this in connection with his birch mill. His birch business has been steadily increasing since the start, and he now buys thousands of squares yearly, besides what he saws to supply his large dowel trade. In 1894 he entered into the manufacture of ironing tables, clothes horses, wash benches, step ladders and wooden novelties too numerous to mention. Since then he has kept several men steadily employed on this work. In 1892, he decided to have his mills and shafting all under one roof, and accordingly built a birch mill joined on the west to the dowel mill and on the south-east built a large mill for long timber, fitted up the basement for shingle and clap-board sawing. At the present time from fifteen to twenty-five men are employed. He is ably assisted in his business by his wife, who has always kept the books and attended to his correspondence. His residence is the Walker homestead, but this has been entirely renovated outside and in. One of the recent improvements in the grounds is an artificial pond which he has stocked with trout. In addition to much other real estate he owns one of the finest farms in town, where he makes a specialty of diarying. The large furniture shop in this place is owned by L. W. Russell, is well supplied with machinery and possesses good water power. In years past Mr. Russell has done a large business, but owing to poor health does little except custom work. The blacksmith shop built and occupied by V. A. Dunn is now occupied by Mr. Virgin in his business. The house on the hill, built by Lewis Bryant, is now owned by William Clark. Mr. Clark is engaged in the poultry business and his small farm shows the result of his energy. Gilman and Perry Blake occupy the house once owned by Hiram Hodson. They formerly owned five farms on Blake hill, one of which is now in the hands of Emery Young.

One of the old land marks is the house once owned by Hosea Ripley, and sold at his death to Virgin; this has also been rebuilt and improved. The farm formerly owned by Jonathan Abbott and now the property of his son Gayton, is rented by Albert Copeland. The family of six children is scattered over the country; the eldest son, Stephen, was well known in the town as a promising young man, and his capabilities and energy have won him a good place among the business men of Denver The present owner of the place is also a resident of Colo., but has recently bought a ranch and again tries his hand at farming. Among the best herds in this section is one of Jerseys owned by Edgar Chase, who lives at home with his father, John Chase, on the place cleared and built by John Cushman in Bethel's early history. This place, afterward owned by his son Ira, was exchanged by him with John Chase, for the one below the school house now occupied by I. A. Cushman, who has a good herd of cows and keeps a great many swine. The farms on Chandler Hill, formerly owned by Perry Chandler, Elijah Brown, Maxwell, and Abial Chandler, have all exchanged hands, in most cases the original buildings have been destroyed by fire. The last farm on the Greenwood road is owned by Mrs. Lydia Stevens, whose untiring energy and business capacity are worthy of mention. Her well kept grounds are beautiful by the work of her own hands. Her father, Clark Robinson, was once one of the prominent men of the place.

SINGLE INDUSTRY TOWNS.

Diverse Interests a Guard Against Business Prostration.

The Titusville papers print a list of subscriptions to "an investment fund to advance the industrial and commercial prosperity of the city," says the Philadelphia Press. It already amounts to $250,000, the individual subscriptions ranging from $5 all the way up to $10,000, but we do not understand that any portion of it has been paid in. In what way it is proposed to make use of this amount of money is not made altogether clear, but it may be handled to the utmost advantage. Titusville, like a good many other cities, originally depended in large degree upon a single industrial interest, and, like every other city in a similar condition, when its chief business became flat it was a great sufferer. The fact that all other industries might be prosperous at the same time would not help it unless it had some of those industries.

There are a number of instances where an interior city has been reduced to utter stagnation while everywhere else was prosperity because it had but one thing to rely upon. By enterprise and well directed effort a considerable number have in the past 10 or 15 years overcome this single industry misfortune and are getting the benefit of it. We naturally suppose that the present movement in Titusville is to secure an enlargement of and a greater variety in the industries of the city. It has been undertaken upon a most liberal scale. The people deserve to be congratulated for the public spirit they have shown.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.

The Most Popular and Economical Form of Attracting Public Attention.

Newspaper advertising holds the chief place among all forms of inviting the public to buy or sell. The reason why this is so is not so obvious, but becomes evident with the consideration that in the newspapers every person that can read is accustomed to find an answer to every possible desire for information just at the time when the mind is most receptive and not occupied with any other object of daily care. Advertisements then presented to the eye enjoy the monopoly of attention, and they come in so varied and attractive forms that they easily succeed in gaining the good will of the reader.

The vast economy through the splendid means of technical apparatus, regular delivery, etc., in presenting to the attention of the people all sorts of suggestions for business or pleasure is not less astonishing. A few cents suffice to acquaint half a million of people with facts essential for them to know, and the "ample page, rich with the spoils of time," is consequently garnished with information, which, if it takes a lower level, is still essential to civilized happiness. — Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Reading the Papers.

The great majority read newspapers just as a humming bird sips the honey of the wintergreen. The eye strikes the headline on the upper left hand corner, pauses there for a moment, then flits over to the second column. After resting there for an instant it flashes over the whole page, flies away, scans the horizon and alights upon the second page, which has been hastily turned over. Here the same method, or lack of it, is pursued, and so it goes on all over the paper. When the job is finished, some honey has been gathered, so that one may say, "Yes, I have read the paper," and at night in the family circle the good is discussed and the bad forgotten.—New York Press.

Cleanliness and Health.

To cast or throw any filth, garbage or refuse matter in any public or private court, lane or alley; to cast or throw on the sidewalks or public footways any fruit or the peeling thereof; to place any sweepings or other dirt or rubbish from any store or other dwelling upon the streets or footways is a detriment to the public weal [illegible] nance to the public health.

Between the Ties.

"Speaking of 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out," said the weary and wayworn erstwhile Polonius, "it ain't a marker to 'Hamlet' with the Ghost left out."

And the Rialto was 400 miles away.—Indianapolis Journal.

Hello!

Said a wife: "There's a darling old fellow!
Do go out and buy you a 'cello.
So the flat up above
Will be vacant, my love,
And we won't hear that 2-year-old bellow."
—New York Press.

A Circular Saw.

His Honor—But this policeman says he saw you fighting.

Mike—And me half a block around the corner! Sure, it's a circular saw he's afther havin, thin.—New York Tribune.

The Way of the World.

At school one always stood the first.
The other boy had naught to say,
Yet he is worth a million cool,
The smart boy clerks for two a day.
—Washington Times.

Of Course Not.

Johnny—I found a bird's nest in that cherry tree this morning.

Jimmy—Did you? Let's go and see it.

Johnny—Humph! D'you think it is there now?—Chicago Record.

Alas!

She's not out biking, spruce and gay,
Today, and there are rumors
That from the clothesline yesterday
The goat ate Mamie's bloomers.
—Boston Courier.

Buy Your Grass Seed of

WOODBURY & PURINGTON

BETHEL, ME.

Timothy Seed,
New York Clover
Pea Vine Clover,
Alsike Clover,
Red Top Clover.

We have just received
A Car Load of Seed Oats.

Agents for
BRADLEY'S and CUMBERLAND
FERTILIZERS.

WOODBURY & PURINGTON,
Near R. R. Station.

W. L. DOUGLAS' $3.00 SHOE
SILK STITCHED GLOVE KID
BEST TANNERY CALF
BOTTOM SEWED

We also have the 2.50 line in lace and congress.

We have a full line of Men's, Ladies', Boys', and Children's shoesof all makes,

SPRING CLOTHING and Mackintoshes

Ceylon Rowe,
Bethel,
Me.

Ivers & Pond Pianos.

THE two characteristic features that have given the **Ivers & Pond Piano** its enviable position in the piano world are the beauty of its tone and its remarkable durability. Tone quality, the adaptability to express musical thought, is the distinguishing feature between the artistic and the commercial piano. The richness, the purity, the infinite shades of expression in the **Ivers & Pond** tone attract and fascinate musicians the world over. Combine with this the absolute evenness of scale, crisp, responsive action, and simple elegance of design and finish, and the reasons for the popularity of the **Ivers & Pond Piano** are as plain as day.

W. J. WHEELER,
SO. PARIS, - - - ME.

Your Face

Will be wreathed with a most engaging smile, after you invest in a

White Sewing Machine

EQUIPPED WITH ITS NEW

PINCH TENSION,
TENSION INDICATOR
—AND—
AUTOMATIC TENSION RELEASER,

The most complete and useful devices ever added to any sewing machine.

The WHITE is

Durably and Handsomely Built,
Of Fine Finish and Perfect Adjustment,
Sews ALL Sewable Articles,

And will serve and please you up to the full limit of your expectations.

ACTIVE DEALERS WANTED in unoccupied territory. Liberal terms. Address,

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
CLEVELAND, O.

WEST BETHEL.

HER BUSINESS MEN.

BY E. R. BRIGGS.

ITUATED four miles from Bethel Hill, on the south side of the Androscoggin river, is the beautiful little village of West Bethel. Before a railroad was built through this pleasant valley the place was known as "Gander Corner," and every winter a large number of farmers from New Hampshire and Vermont passed through here on their way to Portland. The writer has seen twenty teams travelling together, loaded with cheese, dressed hogs, etc., and returning in company, with groceries, etc. They were usually a jolly crew, and we missed them much when the railroad was completed, and their annual exchange of goods was made on the cars.

But West Bethel still exists and flourishes, and it is of our business men that I am now called upon to write.

ALPHEUS S. BEAN.

Son of Daniel Freeman Bean, a farmer. Receiving a common school education, he entered into partnership with Edgar Selwin Brown, now a lawyer in Illinois, and opened a small store near the railway station. At the end of six months the partnership was dissolved, and Mr. Bean continued in business five months alone, when his store was destroyed by fire. He then went to California to seek his fortune, but did not find it there, and returned to his old home in six months.

He next bought a cheap horse and wagon and started out buying eggs in Bethel and adjoining towns. In 1870, in company with his wife's brother, Alden F. Mason, he again went into trade in the large store purchased of Lyman W. Alger, which he still occupies, and where for twenty-six years he has done a large business. He bought out Mr. Mason at the end of eleven months partnership, and prosperity has been with him since that time. Now we find him the owner of the steam mill here, of the fine hotel and only public hall in the place, of six dwelling houses which he rents to his workmen having families, and of thousands of acres of timberlands. He bought two farms adjoining the one on which his parents resided, and combining the three, has a farm of about four hundred acres with two sets of buildings thereon. Two miles from the village on the highway leading to Albany and Mason, this farm extends from the road across Pleasant river, back to the mountain. A substantial and ornamental fence has been built this spring beside the road, which attracts the notice of all who pass.

He keeps forty-eight horses for work and driving, employs two hundred men nearly all the time, loads about five hundred cars with wood, spool-strips, etc., every year, and handles much spool stock in other towns.

Here is an illustration of what perseverance may accomplish, for, at the start, in attempting to go one step upward he oftentimes fell back two, but courage led him on until he stood on firm footing, and he is now able to make some long and rapid strides. One of his recent undertakings was the cutting and delivering in a boom at Rumford Falls of eight thousand cords of spruce pulp-wood. Mr. Bean has been postmaster since 1871, with Miss Cora J. Mason, his wife's sister, as assistant.

MILTON HOLT.

Mr. Holt started in business April 10th, 1857, in company with N. H. Potter, in the store now owned and occupied by A. S. Bean. After three years he bought out his partner, and continued alone until 1864, when he sold his store to L. W. Alger, and went out of trade. When the partnership between Bean and Mason was dissolved, Mr. Mason bought a lot on the corner of Main and School streets and erected a large building for a store. It was not completed when bought by Mr. Holt in 1872. Finishing it nicely, Mr. H. again went into business, and has had a large cash trade for twenty-four years. The store has a slate roof, and the stable and shed are kept in the best of repair. Close confinement indoors has in a measure impaired his health, and he found it necessary to close his store last month for a season of rest and recuperation. His numerous friends and customers are hoping for his speedy recovery of health and strength, and the re-opening of his store. Mr. Holt was postmaster from 1857 to 1871.

MILES O'REILLY is the station and express agent. Of a quiet nature, people never speak ill of him, and he tries to be kind and obliging to all. He is a correspondent of the Gorham, N. H., *Mountaineer*.

J. EDWIN PIKE is employed by the Grand Trunk Railway Co., as baggage master and switchman, and he also carries the mail to and from the post-office. Mr. Pike has but one arm, but he seems to do his work as well as any man could, and is always at his post.

W. DEXTER MILLS has been the village blacksmith for twenty-five or thirty years, and is now the only one here engaged in the business, having all the work he can do.

JOHN F. ALLEN was the first station agent here after the completion of the railroad to Gorham, N. H., and held that position for many years. By preparing a lotion for sore and weak eyes, and other medicines, he gained the sobriquet of "Doctor." He lives with his son, L. E. Allen, who is engineer in the steam mill.

WILLIAM H. MERROW is a well known taxidermist, and a genius. He has studied the natural positions of animals and birds, until he can make a "living picture" of either, or give them all the appearance of living when seen a few feet distant. He is also a musician, and has made a bass-viol and a violin for his own use.

HERBERT MASON is foreman on the section here, taking the place of his father, Joseph S. Mason, when he was called to a higher position in Portland.

EDWIN J. BELL is the village barber. At present he is working on the railroad as a section man, and opens his shop only evenings.

GRINFILL B. LOWELL repairs boots and shoes, mends harness, and is really a useful business man.

EDWARD PAYSON GROVER is the popular proprietor of "Maple Lane Farm." For a number of years their large house has been filled every summer with boarders from the cities, and he and his wife make a pleasant home for all who come.

GEORGE A. GROVER is the strawberry man, and he raises bushels and bushels of them every year, many of which are sent to Gorham and Berlin, N. H.

EDWARD S. SMITH is our leading poultry keeper, and sells the most eggs and has the finest chickens of anyone in this vicinity. He also raises and sells early vegetables.

HANNIBAL E. GROVER is very well known in town as the hulled-corn man, and a raiser of and dealer in early garden vegetables.

JOHN BARKER deserves to be classed among our business men, for he has held both town and county offices, and with his son Clarence has a large and productive farm.

CHARLES E. MERRILL is a carriage maker, and, although he owns a farm, works the greater part of the time at his trade, with J. C. Billings, Bethel.

E. BYRON SHAW has for many years been the most extensive raiser of potatoes in this vicinity. He is at present one of the fathers of the town, although an unmarried man.

LEON H. TYLER is a prosperous farmer and butcher, and this year holds the office of highway surveyor in this district.

ELBRIDGE G. WHEELER was for a number of years one of the selectmen of Bethel, and a Justice of the Peace. He was also a shoe maker and farmer. Failing health has obliged him to give up all business but the tillage of a few acres of land, and the harvesting of his hay. He is a correspondent of the Oxford *Democrat*.

NAHUM W. MASON is an old and experienced carpenter and builder, and some of the best residences in this village were erected and finished by him; he lives on a farm, and his health is quite poor.

ALBION P. MASON raises the largest variety of apples, pears, plums and grapes of anyone in this part of the town. He is also an agent for the sale of the Wheeler and Sheldon Fertilizer.

EDWIN R. BRIGGS is a writer for the press, and is connected with the Portland *Transcript* and the *Ladies' Home Companion* as puzzle editor. He also receives subscriptions to all American and foreign newspapers and magazines and can send many of them at reduced rates.

West Bethel has no settled lawyer, sheriff, minister or doctor.

Ads. Are Effective Missiles.

Have you ever seen little boys sailing boats on a small pond? There is no wind. The boats are half way over and lie there idly. There seems but little chance that the voyage will be completed. Here is where the ingenuity of the boy's mind comes in. He throws a stone into the water near the little sailer. The stone makes a little wave. The bark rises on the wave and floats nearer to the shore. Another and another stone is thrown. Gradually the distance between the boat and the bank lessens, and finally the boat is ashore. The boy did not ask which of the stones he threw influenced most the progress of his boat. He knows that all of them together accomplished the desired result. Good ads. are the effective missiles that bring the bark of business to your shore. Each ad. makes a little wave; each wave helps to effect the desired result.—Shoe and Leather Journal.

Newspapers In School.

The growing influence of newspapers in school education was illustrated the other day at a conference of the Public Education association in New York, when Miss Josephine C. Locke, supervisor of drawing in the public schools of Chicago, told how the children are being trained to search the columns of the press in working on topics of a public nature. It should be one of the functions of every school to teach the children how to read a newspaper to the best advantage and also what newspapers should be read.

Written for the News.

METHODISM IN BETHEL.

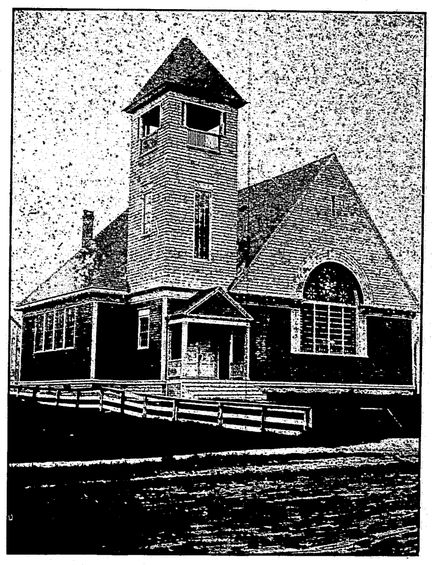
BY A. HAMILTON.

The history of Methodism in Bethel dates back to 1798, when Nicholas Snethen, who was stationed on Portland Circuit, came and preached a few times. He was of Welsh extraction, converted in 1791, and five years later was ordained and came to Maine as the associate of the Rev. J. Finnegan.

During the same year John Martin, a local preacher, held a few meetings, and at the request of the people, induced the Rev. Joshua Taylor, then Presiding Elder, to visit them. This he did with much satisfaction, for, he says, "there appeared to be some tenderness among a few of the congregation."

After this, in company with Brother Martin, he visited them several times. The people desired a preacher, and as the prospect seemed good, one was sent at the close of the year 1799. During that winter, however, they were connected with the Portland Circuit and had preaching once a fortnight by the circuit preachers, the Revs. T. Merritt, J. Baker, J. Soule, and J. Merrick. There was some awakening, but of no great magnitude until a preacher was stationed among them.

In the spring of the year 1800, Rev. Joseph Baker came and stayed with the people. The Conference was held in July that year at Lynn, and he was appointed as preacher in charge of Bethel and Rumford. The first society was organized in September of the same year, consisting of fourteen



members. At the opening of the next year a number were converted, and they were much encouraged.

Allen's history of Methodism in Maine states that "Bethel Circuit included at first, Bethel, Hanover, Rumford, Gilead, Mason, Andover, Peru, Hamlin's Gore, and an undefined region farther north."

In 1832 Rumford Circuit was set off. Afterward, other circuits and stations were formed, making at least a half dozen separate charges out of what was once the old Bethel Circuit.

The first Methodist house of worship was built at Dustin's Ferry, East Bethel, about the year 1814, which was finished on the inside during the ministry of the Rev. Caleb Fuller in 1828, and a stove put in. So during fourteen years the worshippers depended upon the fervor of the preacher or the first in their own hearts to keep them warm. Ethan Ellis gives the following description of the building: "No part of the house was ever painted. The foundation was of rough stones dug from the ground near the building. The church contained forty-eight pews, numbered with chalk upon the pew doors. Singers' seats each side of the door, raised about three feet, with good panel work in front, and doors same as pews. The pulpit was at the other end, raised about five feet, finished all round with high panel work, and a door secured with a wooden button." This building was twice struck with lightning, once during service when a Mrs. Magill was killed, and several others prostrated. This house was sold, taken down, removed to Hanover village and used for a furniture shop.

The first class leader was Nathaniel Segurs. He was one of the first settlers in Bethel, and during the Indian raid was taken captive by them and carried to Canada. The story of his captivity and sufferings was published in pamphlet form. He maintained his Christian profession to the close of life. He died in 1845 at the advanced age of ninety-three.

Another church was built about four miles from the village at Locke's Corner. This also was removed, and now serves as a lodging house.

During the pastorate of Rev. E. Davies in 1859—60 a neat and convenient church was erected at Bethel Hill at a cost of about $3,000. This edifice was destroyed by a cyclone on the 18th of September, 1891. The immense steeple, yielding to the fury of the tempest, fell with a tremendous crash full length of the church. The church organ and almost every pew were completely wrecked. The bell fell to the first floor. Everything went down but the walk. Had it been an hour later the results might have been awful, as the regular prayer meeting would have been in progress. Death or injury would have come to nearly all, since every pew except six were smashed to pieces. At first the society were greatly disheartened, and for nearly three months nothing was done to rebuild. But in December they resolved to arise and build at once. Before the next Conference $1,350 were expended. The Board of Church Extension made a donation of $200. Persons from the other denominations made generous contributions. The Universalists kindly offered the use of their church. Beside the cash subscriptions, friends gave an organ, a chandelier, furniture, etc. The pastor, Rev. B. F. Fickett, labored with great zeal and tact. He had the hearty cooperation of the people. Too much cannot be said in commendation of the chairman of the building committee, Calvin Bisbee, whose time, strength, business capacity, and practical experience were put into the enterprise. He was ably assisted by John S. Swan, who for years has been a loyal and devoted member of the church, ever ready to lend his support by word and deed. The new structure was built upon an improved plan, drawn by architect Elmer Thomas of Auburn, and presented by him to the society. The church is commodious, convenient and beautiful, well worth $5,000. It was dedicated February 14th, 1893, free of debt.

Thus from a small beginning this society has gone on to its present strength and popularity. There have been many years when the prospect looked dark and uncertain, but having been blessed with an able ministry and faithful members, a good degree of prosperity has been enjoyed. Extensive revivals have occurred at different times, notably in 1828 and 1829 when about two hundred were converted under the labors of the Rev. C. Fuller and Rev. I. Downing. The names of many of the preachers who were appointed to this circuit in their early ministry, have since become widely known. Not a few have been presiding elders, and one, the Rev. Joshua Soule, a bishop. The present membership is 143, exclusive of the non resident members. The church is now hopeful and prosperous, and is to be congratulated on the delightful spirit of harmony and enterprise which prevails. The present officers, elected January 14th, 1896, are as follows:

TRUSTEES.

Calvin Bisbee, Horace C. Andrews, John S. Swan, Charles F. Abbott, B. N. Chapman, Mark W. Chandler, Frank P. Abbott, Edward L. Arno and Arthur L. Hall.

STEWARDS.

John S. Swan, Fannie W. Bisbee, Clifton O. Foster, B. N. Chapman, Ella H. Jordan, Eliza J. Sanborn, A. H. Hutchinson, Irving H. Wilson, Isaac S. Morrill, S. J. Haselton, Orlander A. Buck, Clarence K. Fox, Charles H. Davis.

Sunday School Superintendent, Clifton O. Foster.

Class Leader, C. H. Davis.

President Epworth League, Alice Bean.

The spirit of the world indorses four kinds of spirits diametrically opposed to charity—the spirit of resentment, the spirit of aversion, the spirit of jealousy and the spirit of indifference.—Bossuet.

A silk spinner in Aleppo, by working from sunrise to sunset, can earn 75 cents a day.

Skill Required to Make Good Roads.

The old theory in rural districts that any one who could order workmen about vigorously and make animals do their best was fit to be a highway constructor is giving place to the sensible conclusion that careful training is needed for work which is designed to increase the convenience and prosperity of the community.—Youth's Companion.

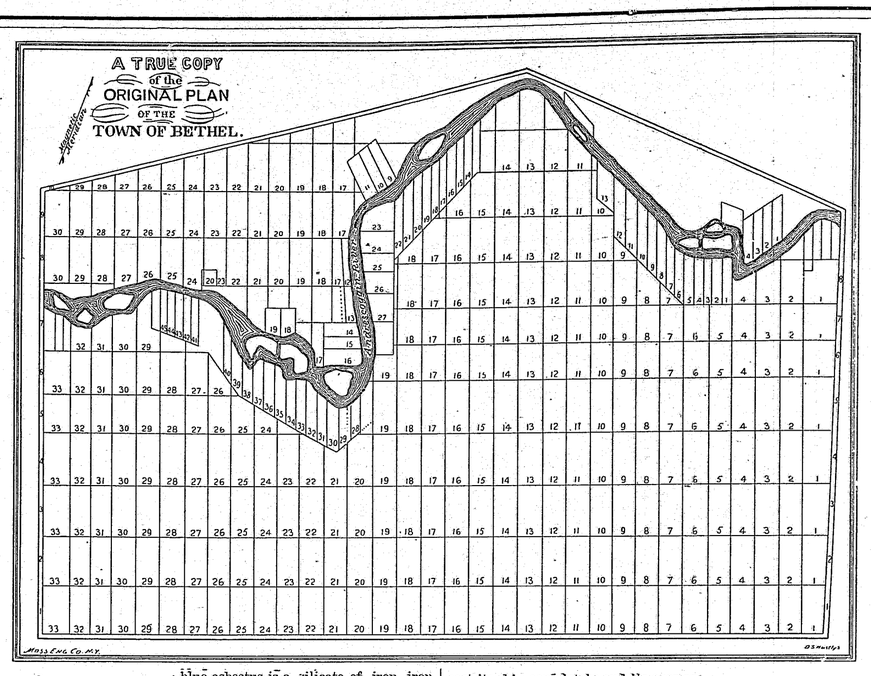
To Keep In Mind.

Every narrow tired wagon makes the road to town just so much longer.

If better roads would be of no advantage, would worse ones be a disadvantage?

Good drainage, top and bottom, will do much toward making a road good and keeping it so.

Fix the road leading past your farm. If it is too much for you to do alone, insist on having the neighbors, the township or the county assist you.



THE OLDEST LOCK.

It Formerly Secured One of the Doors of a Palace of Nineveh.

The very oldest lock in existence is one which formerly secured one of the doors of a palace of Nineveh. It is a gigantic affair, and the key to it, which is as large as one man can conveniently carry, reminds one of the Scriptural passage where the prophet makes reference to such instruments being carried on the shoulder. The exact words in the passage referred to are, "And the key of the house of David I will lay upon his shoulder."

This enormous key to the lock from Nineveh is nearly 3½ feet in length and of the thickness of a four inch drain tile. It was found at the end of a ruined chamber, where a large wooden door had probably once stood, the gigantic brass hinges and heavy bars being still in fair condition, though somewhat corroded. This relic of the olden times has but few points of resemblance to the keys of modern manufacture, or even to those of the early part of the Christian era. The tubular idea had never been thought out in those days, but the key is fearfully and wonderfully made, being equally as intricate a piece of machinery as the lock in which it was used. A great many of the bars and pegs in the lock are believed to have been made of wood, as their places are now empty. The notches and pegs in the key, however, show that there were corresponding pegs and bars in the lock at one time. The great lateral iron bars at the end of the key, with their complicated series of notches, crossbars, bumps, etc., are proof that the lock was once similarly provided. This being the case, it is reasonable to suppose that at one time the door to that palace could not have been opened until the key had been inserted and the impediment to the drawing back of the bolt removed by raising up so many bars and pins which had fallen down into their places upon the key having been withdrawn. Similar locks and keys were in use in Egypt 5,000 years ago.—St. Louis Republic.

THERE WERE FISH.

But It Took an Extra Quarter to Find Where They Were.

"The most taciturn people in the world live in western North Carolina and east Tennessee," said a department clerk.

"I went fishing near Elk Park, and in some of the streams down there is the finest trout fishing in the world. There were four of us in the party, and we went up one of the mountain creeks for about three miles. A native passed us, and I asked:

"'Are there any trout in the creek?'

"'Yep.'

"We threw our lines and fished every hole in the creek for two miles without getting a bite, then walked back toward town with empty baskets. Meeting the native again, I said:

"'I thought you stated there were trout in that creek?'

"'Thar is.'

"'Well, we didn't get a bite.'

"'I 'lowed yo' all wouldn't when I seed yo' try.'

"'Why not, if there are fish there?'

"'Yo' didn't ax me ef thar war trout whar yo' was fishin.'

"'What did I ask you?' I inquired, getting angry.

"'Ef thar war trout in the crick, an thar is heap of 'em.'

"'Where are they?'

"'Still in the crick.'

"'What part of the creek?'

"'In the middle, 'cept them as at the sides. Thar ain't none on the banks.'

"I gave him a quarter and he said:

"'They don't never come up this far. 'Bout two miles down the crick thar's plenty.'

"We went down the creek, and the native was right. I never saw better fishing."—Washington Star.

Asbestus.

An interesting distinction, though not generally understood, is made in the qualities of asbestus by those who are engaged in the industrial handling of that article. Though, broadly speaking, this substance is a silicate of magnesia, in some cases lime displaces the magnesia base. In rare cases alumina takes the place of magnesia, and what is called blue asbestus is a silicate of iron, iron in this case displacing the magnesia. This blue asbestus or fibrous silicate of iron possesses many times the strength of true asbestus, a thread of it only one twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter carrying 100 pounds, but by reason of its containing from 30 to 40 per cent of protoxide of iron it is neither fire nor acid proof, nor is it a good nonconductor of heat; hence does not possess the valuable properties of true asbestus. Silica and water are the only two elements that are always constant in asbestus, the silica rarely falling below 40 parts to the 100, while in some of the anhydrous varieties the water falls as low as 2 or 3 parts to the 100.—New York Sun.

Tiny Trees.

The midget of the whole tree family is the Greenland birch. It is a perfect tree in every sense of that term and lives its allotted number of years from 75 to 130 just as other species of the great birch family do, although its height under the most favorable conditions seldom exceeds ten inches. Whole bluffs of the east and southeast coast of Greenland are covered with "thickets" of this diminutive species of woody plant, and in many places where the soil is uncommonly poor and frozen from eight to ten months a year a "forest" of these trees will flourish for half a century without growing to a height exceeding four inches.

Neatly Out of It.

She—You said I had a face that would stop a trolley car in the middle of the block.

He—I did. It takes a mighty good looking woman to get a conductor to do that.—Indianapolis Journal.

SUFFOCATED BY THE SNAKE'S ODOR.

A Maine Man's Hazardous Encounter With a Virginia Moccasin.

"When I was a young fellow," says a now aged Maine man, "I went into southern Virginia for a time. I had lived in Maine and Massachusetts and consequently had no fear of snakes. I had formed a habit of picking up by the tail such snakes as came across my path and of giving them a quick snap to break their necks. Soon after I went to the south, in the road one day I saw a small snake, a couple of feet long, perhaps, and of a yellowish color, wriggling across the path. Without thinking of harm, I jumped for him, put my foot on his neck, and, catching him by the tail, swung him to give him a snap. Some people were near by, and they yelled to me like wild men to drop that snake.

"I stopped a moment, while the snake wriggled, and then I snapped him in due and ancient form. Mark the result. In less than ten minues I became drowsy and insensible and remained so for several hours in spite of the efforts of those who had warned me to rouse my dormant senses. I did not know that the snake bit me in any way and do not now believe he did. The air had a suffocating, sickening smell—an odor thrown off by the snake, I think, and breathing that poisoned me.

"The snake, I was told, was a moccasin, one of the most venomous of the whole tribe of crawlers. Since that day snapping snakes has afforded me no fun."—Lewiston Journal.

Curing a Snake's Blindness.

One of the most poisonous snakes at the London zoo, a king cobra, recently became nearly blind. When it shed its skin, it threw off every part except the transparent plate which covers the eye. After each change of skin this plate remained unclast, and the successive layers became opaque and projected over the eye in a horny boss. The keeper used the snake habit of creeping through any aperture which it can find in the wall of its cage to rid itself of the growth over the eye. He drew back the iron shutter which separates one compartment from the other, leaving a narrow space open. The cobra soon discovered this, and pushed its nose into the crack. This was slightly widened, and the snake squeezed through, rubbing off one of the scales as it did so. It was then induced to go back by the way it had come, and after this had been repeated once or twice it cleared the scale from the other eye. Since then it has cast its skin completely and its eyes are apparently none the worse for its temporary blindness. Snakes naturally drag themselves through rough grass and holes to get rid of the old skin which clings to them.—London Public Opinion.

Wordsworth and the Baby.

Mrs. Houstoun, I remember, when Wordsworth, Rogers and Hallam once dined with her father at Hampton Court, was, womanlike, somewhat disappointed by the poet's appearance, considering him the ugliest of the party and well nigh weeping over his big nose and what she rather uncharitably called the "general coarseness" of his appearance. But she was much flattered and touched when Wordsworth insisted that her little fatherless baby should be brought to him, although, when the mite put up his lip, as children will, the poet said gently, in slow, reproachful accents: "What! Make such a face as that at an old man and a poet!"—London Gentlewoman.

Ambiguous.

Bridegroom—Unfortunately I shall be unable to go to the zoological garden with you tomorrow. Will you not go alone and look at the monkeys?

Bride (tenderly)—Dear Adolph, when you are not with me, I have no interest in monkeys.—Meggendorf's Blatter.

SELECTING A PIANO.

Strike Hard and Hear the Real Tone. Brilliant Instruments Wear Tinny.

In purchasing a piano it is said by experts that the tone given out after striking the keys hard is the tone to which the piano will ultimately wear. If it is at all metallic or thin, the piano should not be bought. The ideal piano should have brilliancy, sweetness, volume, a singing quality of tone, an easy action and should be guaranteed to wear for ten years at least. It should improve with use, but this very few instruments do.

The matter of selecting a piano to most people, and to many that have some knowledge of music and pianos, is a great difficulty. Many people will allow an agent to put a piano in their house, and in this way have no way of comparing pianos, to tell what is best for them.

In the question of pianos, as in everything, "the best is the cheapest." There are many good makes that are recognized as standard pianos, and these pianos cost but little more than a cheap one. The opinion of the people in general is what tells for a piano.

In looking at a lot of pianos a person not thoroughly understanding pianos will be inclined to select the very opposite in the way of tone that he wants. The dealer will tell you "this is a fine, brilliant piano; see how clear it is. You can hear every bit of that—nothing covered up."

Now, in considering this matter, The Etude advises that this is the very kind of piano not to select. The brilliant tone will soon wear metallic, and then you will have a "tinny" piano. Get a piano that is somewhat muffled; it will wear brighter quick enough, and in the case of the muffled piano the tone will improve and come up to its best point with usage. But in the case of the brilliant piano, the tone is at its best at first and will continue to go back instead of improve. Do not get a light action piano. It will not stand the heavy playing like a heavy action will. And if your piano has a heavy action you will not be troubled when asked to play on a piano that has a heavy action; you will not be at a disadvantage from lack of power.

Do not, if it can be avoided, get a piano of a comparatively new make. You run a risk not to be encountered in buying of an old established firm. The agent or dealer will tell you the new and cheaper piano is just as good, but always remember that he talks for "No. 1," and that more money is to be made on a cheap piano than on a good one. Do not purchase an instrument that has some new "fad" that is claimed to make it "superior to all others." Every piano, according to the manufacturer's advertisement, is "unrivaled."

How to Keep Cake.

Cakes keep for a long while in tins with lids that fit well, and so many things are now sold in large tins that it is easy to have separate tins for the different kinds. Several sorts of cake should not be kept in the same tin, for all get a confused kind of flavor of one another, and it is particularly bad to keep gingerbread with any other cake. All cake tins, as well as bread pans, should be turned out once a week, emptied of crumbs, and wiped round with a dry, clean cloth, in order to prevent a stale, musty taste that is apt to develop itself. Cakes made with yeast get stale as quickly as bread does, but cakes made with baking powder or paisley flour are the better for keeping. The golden rule for the satisfactory baking of such cakes is to put them in a hot oven directly they are mixed, and to have everything prepared beforehand, so that the mixing is done quickly.

When Washing Windows.

Kerosene oil added to the water with which mirrors, windows or anything of glass is to be washed will give a luster. A pint of water and 3 tablespoonfuls of oil will wash four large windows. First dust the windows carefully, then rub well with kerosene and water, wipe with a cloth and polish with old newspaper.

THOUGHT THE WORLD SMALL.

When Her Comment In Europe Found Its Echo In America.

"I have known for some time that the world is small," complained a woman recently, "but I did suppose one could make a comment in Europe that would not echo in America. On the piazza of a little inn in the Swiss mountains last summer I chatted with two ladies of a party we had encountered at two or three places en route till we felt as if we had a little acquaintance with them. When they discovered we were from Minneapolis, one of them asked if we knew Mr. B. As he is a very intimate friend of ours, we cordially assented and fell to discussing his family. Incidentally I spoke of his first wife and commented on the fact that the present and second Mrs. B. refused to allow the picture of her predecessor to hang in the house. 'We never knew the first Mrs. B.,' I said, 'but we do know and are very fond of the second wife. There must have been something very peculiar about Mrs. B. No. 1 to make Mrs. B. No. 2 so persistent in her determination to keep all mention and memory of her out of the way.'

"My new found friend smiled a little oddly before she said: 'There was something peculiar about the first Mrs. B., which, I believe, cannot be attributed to the second. She was a rarely beautiful woman, and her untimely death at 24 was a terrible blow to her husband. He married again after awhile—he was too young a man to spend a lifetime alone—but his young love has always been a tender memory to him, and her picture, painted by a famous artist, and wonderfully lifelike, undoubtedly attracted too much attention from every one who saw it to please the present wife, who must be a jealous woman. I know,' she finished suavely, 'for the picture hangs today in my own parlor. The original was my sister.' After a wild attempt to recall just what I had said about the first wife, I registered a vow that hereafter with strangers, though I encountered them in South Africa, I would never mention a name again."—New York Times.

To have the silk waist match the lining of the jacket of the suit is a necessity of present smart dressing.

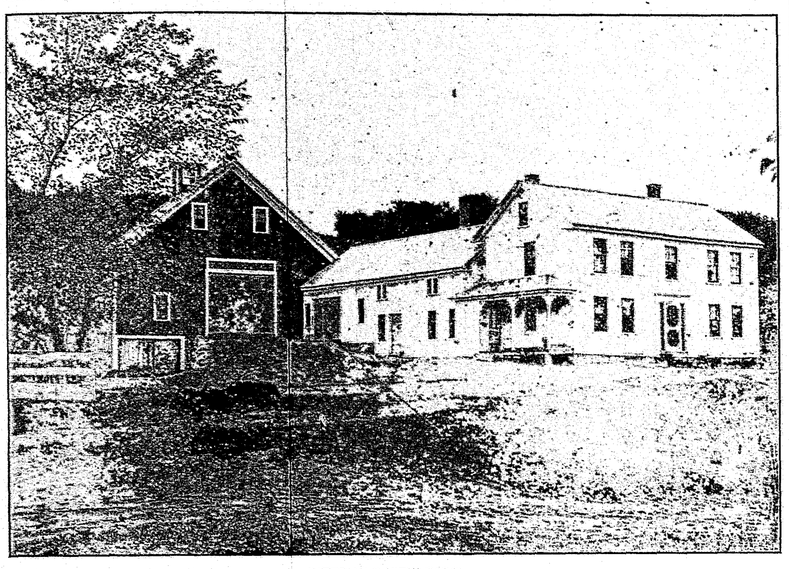
Be Discreet With Your Help.

If you have good employees, you will find it to your advantage to allow them some discretion in such service. A good employee will work better, work longer and more satisfactorily to himself and to you if allowed to go forward in his own way than he would if compelled to conform in the minutest details to your own thoughts and ideas.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

Disfiguring the Streets.

If men and women, boys and girls, would remember not to cast or place in the streets or footways advertisements, handbills or waste paper, our streets would not be so continously disfigured by scraps of paper.

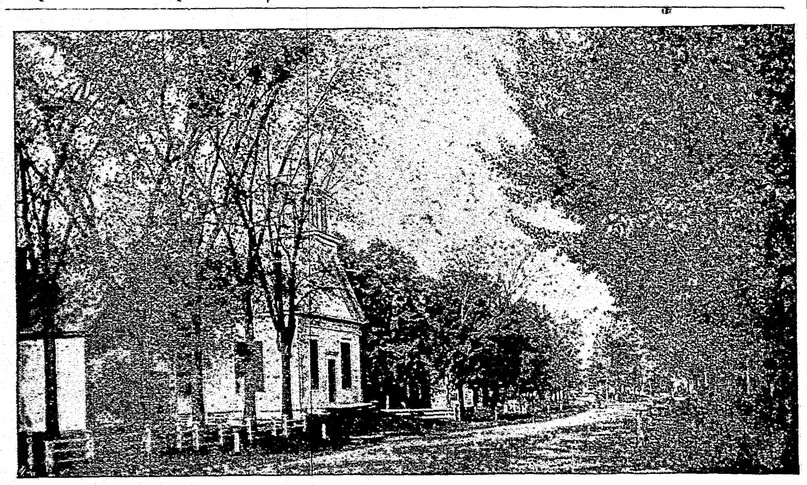
REV. ELIPAZ CHAPMAN HOUSE



INTERVALE VIEW FARM

INTERVALE VIEW FARM.

The residence of the late Wm. O. Holt, now owned and managed by his son-in-law, Mr. Porter Farwell, is very pleasantly situated at East Bethel, about one mile from post-office, store, stage route, etc. It has a beautiful view of the broad acres of intervale land on a dead level, stretching away across the Androscoggin river to the hills and mountains beyond, and attracts the attention and admiration of all passers by. Mr. Farwell has made many additions and improvements to the house and farm during the past few years. The barn has been enlarged 27 feet in length and 6 feet in width, making it 73x46 feet; it is connected with the house by an ell 48 feet long which has a large and commodious kitchen, finished in bass-wood, with hard wood floor, and has all the modern conveniences, including one of the new steel stoves lately purchased. The homestead farm consists of about forty-five acres of tillage and grass land, one hundred and forty acres of timber land and pasture land, to which Mr. Farwell has added about two hundred acres, consisting of an upland farm which cuts about fifteen tons of hay, timberland and pasture land; he has also cleared and drained about six acres of waste land. He carries a stock of about thirty head of cattle, three horses, sheep, swine, etc. He has a silo and raises about six acres of ensilage, mostly sweet corn. He has a handsome herd of about twenty graded Jersey cows, and furnishes cream for the Bethel butter factory. Mr. Farwell is an enthusiast in dairying, believes in all modern improvements on a farm, and is one of Bethel's most progressive farmers.



VIEW ON CHURCH STREET.

CHURCHES.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

THE history of the town, shows there were those living who could not reconcile or harmonize the idea of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man, with the thought of endless misery. It was considered by such, to be a contradiction of terms, or violation of logical thought. Although the few who were the supporters of the liberal faith were accused of having "over much confidence," they were supported in their hearts with the feeling that nothing was ever too good to be true. There was not enough of them to effect an organization or to support a preacher of their own way of thinking, and so for many years they attended the meetings of other denominations and listened to their exposition of the word, under mental protest. They believed in going to church, and bringing their children up to go as well. As long as they could not get what they wanted, they accommodated themselves to circumstances. As time passed, the doctrine which these people cherished, became better known, and ministers of this denomination were multiplied. Occasionally one came to Bethel and held a service in the school house. Among the early preachers there are recorded the names of Rev. George Bates, Rev. Zenas Thompson and Rev. Thomas J. Tenney. In 1847 Joseph Twitchell, grandson of the town's first settler, incorporated the first Universalist society of the town of Bethel. Mr. Twitchell was supported by seven others. In the year 1853 a church was erected at an expense of something over two thousand dollars, and the Rev. Zenas Thompson was chosen pstor. He entered upon his duties in June 1854. Under his ministration the society sustained preaching through the year, and in autumn of 1859 a church was organized. Rev. Zenas Thompson remained here five years, and accomplished good work for the church and society. His successor was Rev. A. G. Garnes, who was a native of Kentucky. He was a scholarly man, and an excellent preacher and pastor. He was much interested in education and every good cause. He remained here several years, was greatly loved by his people, and respected by everyone. The blameless life he led, and the true Christian character he exhibited on all occasions was well calculated to popularize the faith he held, and the doctrine he preached. Mr. Gaines afterward preached at Mechanic Falls, and afterward left the state and became president of St. Lawrence University at Canton, N. Y. Rev. Ezekiel W. Coffin who was settled over the church at Bryant's Pond, supplied the pulpit here for a while. Rev. John F. Simmons was settled here for a few years, and then came William Bosserman a native of England. The society became greatly weakened by death, and removals from town, so that there was no regular preaching for about seven years, until the present pastor arrived. Rev. Frank E. Barton came here from the graduating class of '89 r Canton Theological Seminary. He was ordained here June 25th, 1890. He found the parish much run down, there being no organization, not even a Sabbath school, the society having suffered, as before stated, by the removal of some of it's most interested members. There were some twenty-five families left, however, enough to form a solid basis upon which to work. In less than two years the number of families had more than doubled in number. Mr. Barton was called away to Mechanic Falls, where he remained for two years and a half, during which time the parish was in charge of Rev. F K. Beem. On the resignation of Mr. Beem, Mr. Barton was unanimously called back, where he has remained up to the present time. In order to do justice to the growth and prosperity of this parish, it would have been necessary to revise its report each year since its revival, seven years ago, and it is the earnest conviction in the hearts of those interested, that the end is not yet, seeing that they have so much more of the support and sympathy of the people at large, than they did forty or fifty years ago. Truly there is a leaven that leaveneth the whole lump, and that is the leaven of love. Among the laymen who have been especially interested in this society since it was first organized, none have shown greater evidence than Oliver H. Mason. Beside giving liberally toward the erection of the building, the chandelier and the bell, he donated the beautiful pulpit set now in use. But as if to verify the saying that: "He being absent yet speaketh," he left a legacy of one thousand dollars, the income to be devoted to the interests of the parish, constituting himself in so doing a perpetual subscriber. About two years ago an addition was erected at a cost of fifteen hundred dollars. It contains an audience room and ladies' parlor above, and in the lower part is a well arranged kitchen and dining room. The kitchen is well supplied with water and other conveniences, and the whole is nicely finished and furnished. A new furnace was put in under the church at the same time the addition was made, which gives good heating facilities, and the church is also supplied with a pipe organ; indeed, music has been a special feature for the past two years much to the enjoyment of pastor and people. Connected with the church is a most prosperous Young Peoples Christian Union. This union is said tobe the third in size in the state. Miss Annie Frye, an earnest worker of the union, has been state secretary for two years. The union has many earnest workers and is steadily increasing in members and interest.

FLORAL LIFE.

A Chapter on the Sentiment of Motherhood In the Plant.

In his investigations of the psychology of the unconscious, Dr. David Allyn Gorton of Brooklyn notes the sentiment of motherhood in the plant, though it is less strongly marked than in animals. Many flowering species, he observes, take special care of the seed in budding time, in protecting it against rain and frost, by wrapping their petals around it or inclosing it by the lips of their corollas. This precaution is taken by many plants at night to protect the young and tender bud from the dew.

The impatiens noli-me-tangere hides even its flowers under its leaves by night. Many plants inclose their young in horny cases, and these again in thorny burs to preserve them against rapacious birds and insects, and to assure their coming to maturity. Most ingenious of all are some of the aquatic plants to secure the same end. Take, for example, the alga species, the water lily, the crowfoot, the water nut, etc., which send their flowers to the surface of the water for fertilization, and when it is accomplished draw them to the bottom again.

This student of psychology in the plant world discovers equal significance in certain phenomena among many different species in respect to light, noticing with other illustrations the behavior of the sunflower, "which will almost break its neck in its eagerness for the sunshine," and the common grapevine, which will invariably twine toward the light.

Wonderful again is the unfailing certainty with which plants select their food. They choose only that which is good for them, even when environed by poisonous substances in solution. Their instinct of the whereabouts of water is unerring. "In one of my excursions to the country one dry season," says Dr. Gorton, "I observed a certain elm which, in search for water, had sent numberless rootlets several rods away to a ditch where there was running water. When I saw that it had not sent rootlets in any other direction for this purpose, I could not but wonder how that tree, consisting to the outward sight of cellulose, sap and chlorophyl only, without a rudiment of nerve cell or nerve substance to hang an instinct or to affix a reflex impulse upon, knew the existence and direction of a stream of water."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A VISTA OF FASHION.

COATS AND CAPES—GOWNS FOR FAIR GRADUATES.

Short Capes With Fussy Collars and Airy Trimmings of Lace, Tulle and Chiffon. Simplicity the Keynote to Graduate and Communicant Gowns.

The newest capes are distinctly pretty, and those intended for smart wear are of the airiest description. Tulle, net and lace fight each other for favor as trimmings, while chines seem to hold the ground in materials. In Paris capes are quite the most chic wear and are

COAT AND CAPES.

all worn quite short, the newest designs being shallow at the back, lengthening in width over the shoulders, where they are placed in large plaits. Collars are fussy and exaggerated to these garments, and the fichu idea is still carried out in some models by crossing the ends in front. Some of the best London houses are showing their latest models in capes with a basque at the waist.

In coats there is much fund for thought. London houses give us the sack back, but this in every variety of fabric and color. However, the seamed and fitted coat is decidedly in evidence in New York. Fancy capes are sometimes made to match gowns, and they are short and very full, with ruffles of chiffon around the edge. One pretty novelty of this sort has an inner cape of taffeta silk like the lining, and the chiffon ruffles are sewed on the edges of this, showing a little below the outside cape. Embroidered ecru batiste and lace are both used in this way, but the trimming must match that on the gown.

The season is at hand when the mothers of prospective graduates or communicants are interested in planning gowns for these important occasions. With a view to being helpful are here given some suggestions from the New York Herald, which has illustrated a number of pretty models likely to please. One model is made of organdie, trimmed with white satin ribbon and lace insertion. It has a pointed yoke of alternate rows of insertion and ribbon, the same in the back as in the front, with points over the shoulder. The front of the waist has up and down rows, also of lace and insertion. Puffed sleeves have the seams covered with ribbon edged with narrow lace. Wide satin ribbon forms the sash and hangs in long ends. It requires eight yards of organie, which varies in price from 25 cents to $1.50 a yard. A piece of narrow satin ribbon is 80 cents, insertion is 15 cents and an edge to match is 20 cents a yard. Ribbon for a sash five inches in width is 79 cents, and the nine inch ribbon is $1.55. Including skirts of lawn as lining this costume will not cost over $10.

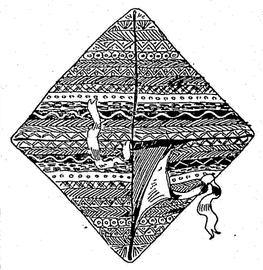
A second gown, particularly suitable in its gracious simplicity, calls for plenty of needlework, as its only trimming consists of multifarious tucks. It is made of 15 yards of lawn, which can be had at from 25 cents a yard up. There are tucks on the Spanish flounce, on the sleeves and on the ruffles over the shoulder, while a ruffle of the material makes a heading for the flounce. The waist has three or four rows of gathers diagonally from the neck, the front falling full. Collar and belt are of white satin ribbon. It may bo made up over lawn of cheaper quality or over percaline or sateen. The cost will be under $10.

EFFECTIVE FANCY WORK.

A Bit of Ticking Transformed With Tinsel, Gay Silks and Baby Ribbons.

Marvelously rich and handsome is a handkerchief case worked in imitation of oriental embroidery, but the foundation is nothing more elaborate than common ticking, such as bolster cases are made of. Every scrap of groundwork, however, is covered with floss silk and little strips of ribbon. Gold tinsel, introduced in lines at intervals apart, is extremely effective too. But to begin from the beginning. Take a piece of tick, measuring, say, 15 inches square, fold the corners over till they meet in a point, and mark with a line of thread the square outline which will represent the front of the handkerchief case, since there will be no need for you to embroider beyond this outline, or, in other words, on the tick which forms the back of the sachet, but you must be careful to work completely over the edges of the front view.

The embroidery is carried out in any variety of stitches and colorings. The more brilliant the silks the better will be the effect. The easiest way is to begin by sewing strips of bebe ribbon at intervals, or using some of that old fashioned ribbon worked with a sprig. If you have by you any ribbon that is about half an inch wide, you can use this as strips and afterward embroider it with filoselle. The less plain ribbon that is seen the better. By degrees cov-



AN ORIENTAL HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

er up all the front corners of the tick with thick embroidery, as irregular as you please, though if you like to introduce a little uniformity of course you can. You will find that the use of bebe ribbon ekes out the filoselle considerably and is an economical introduction. When you have put in all the embroidery you can, pad the inside of the tick with wadding scented with sachet powder and line the case with soft pongee silk. An art silk handkerchief will do capitally, colored in pink or any tint for which you have a particular weakness. You will require a second handkerchief to cover the tick at the back, and you must sew this with silk to match just as neatly as you can. Finally bind round the outer edge of the sachet with ribbon, harmonizing with the lining in color, and fasten the case with two strings of the same, sewed on to opposite corners. The remaining corners should be previously fastened together with a small button and loop.

Correcting Children.

An exchange tells of a method resorted to by Indian mothers to keep babies from crying. At the first attempt to cry on the part of the infant the mother places her hand over its mouth and pinches its nose so that it cannot breathe. Naturally it stops crying, and in an instant it is allowed to breathe freely again. This operation, repeated persistently whenever the baby begins a crying spell, soon persuades the child that it is its own act—the effort to cry—which produces the uncomfortable choking fit. It soon decides that the game is not worth the candle and stops its wails.

Now, it is too much to expect the American mother will resort to this heroic measure to persuade her infant that crying is unnecessary, but will she perhaps see the moral in the proceeding? Herbert Spencer points the same in his essay on education, when he advises parents to follow the methods of nature in their correction of their children. A child touches a hot stove, and his finger is burned. He does it again, and again his finger is burned. Every time he tries it the punishment is ready. Probably the second attempt cures him, and never again while he lives does he voluntarily try the temperature of a piece of heated iron on his exposed skin. It is not the violent spasmodic punishment that means correction of a child's faults. Retribution may be small and comparatively insignificant if it is absolutely sure to follow transgression. It is the persistent, relentless and not to be escaped from character of the consequences of his misdemeanor that impresses the childish mind and finally convinces him. All of which is with apologies to Mr. Spencer, who has said it infinitely better in his essay, to which all mothers who have not read it are earnestly referred by a writer in the New York Times.

Treatment of Oilcloths.

A correspondent of the New York Sun confides the secret of cleaning an oilcloth and making it last a very long time: Cut into pieces half an ounce of beeswax, put in a saucer, cover entirely with turpentine, and place in the oven until melted. After washing the oilcloth thoroughly with a flannel, rub the whole surface lightly with a bit of flannel dipped in the melted wax and turpentine. Then rub with a dry cloth. A polish is produced, and the surface is lightly coated with the wax. When the floor requires to be cleaned, the wax is washed off, together with the dust or dirt that may have gathered, while the oilcloth is preserved.

Preventing Cholera.

John Wright, a leading planter of Ceylon, protects his employees from cholera by giving each a teaspoonful of charcoal every morning.

IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER.

New and Artistic Bedspreads—Summer Blankets and Mattress Pads.

The first object of importance in a bedroom is the bed. If this is comfortable, properly made and prettily draped, the rest of the room is easily managed. With a view to being helpful in this matter, a writer in the New York Herald offers these suggestions: If you can drape your bed irrepective of cost, there is nothing handsomer than renaissance lace on brussels net. If your soul yearns for embroidery, there are heavy linen hand embroidered and hemstitched spreads, with drawn work insertion, richly embroidered in raised satin stitch, in cotton, white or colors.

The old Marseilles quilt, which has held undisputed sway, has now a rival in the patent sateen embroidered spreads. These show a sateen finished face, with heavily raised border and sprays in floral effects closely resembling hand embroidery, in heavy raised satin stitch. You may pay for them anything from $2.50 all the way up to $25. But when you have reached $10, they are embroidered by hand. The sateen spreads are also shown with a deep border in a raised design, then a floral border in colors, dogwood or wild roses in daintiest shades, and more of the raised effect, with the center covered with sprays in the design of the border. This printing is hand stamped and in absolutely fast colors. The beauty of any of these spreads is greatly enhanced by a deep fall of lace, which is sewed on by hand. This may be of heavy torchon, antique or renaissance, according to the quality of the spread.

For summer use, and more especially for one's cottage in the country, the ariel spreads of light, figured dimity are to be recommended. For trimming these comes a pretty cotton vandyke fringe. The whole thing is suggestive of sweetness and country scents and lavendered sheets.

Summer blankets of a lightness as to weight that would scarce embarrass a fairy are shown in colors to suit the furnishings of any room, and instead of being left double, to the dismay of the unwary sleeper, for whose discomfort they are always put on wrong end up, they are cut in two and handsomely bound with satin ribbon in white or colors.

Mattress pads in all sizes are shown. They are light and easily washed and a great improvement on the muslin cases with which neat housewives have heretofore enveloped their mattresses.

Brandied Pineapple.

Brandied pineapple does not require to be cooked and is exceedingly nice to serve with ice creams, custards or cornstarch puddings. After peeling the pines and removing the eyes begin at the stem end, and with a silver fork pick the fruit from the core. Take self sealing jars and pack them with the picked pineapple and granulated sugar, allowing as much sugar as you have fruit. Pour very slowly over them white brandy until the jars are filled. Screw the covers down tight and keep the jars in a dark place. If one does not wish to use so much brandy, the fruit can be prepared thus: After picking the pineapples into pieces, for every pound of fruit take a pound of granulated sugar. Put them in alternate layers in an open mouth stone jar or porcelain kettle. Cover and stand in a cool place over night. In the morning put the fruit in jars and fill with the sirup, letting the jars overflow to remove all the air. Add a tablespoonful of sherry to every quart jar. Before filling the jars stand them with the tops down in hot water; keep the lids and rubbers also in water. Keep the filled jars in a dark, cool place.

Lemon Cake.

Cream together 2 cupfuls of sugar and a cupful of butter; add two-thirds of a cupful of milk; then the stiffly beaten whites of 6 eggs, and 4 level cupfuls of flour in which 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder are mixed; flavor with 2 teaspoonfuls of the extract of lemon. One-half of this recipe makes a nice cake.

Frosting for this cake is made with the stiffly beaten white of an egg made thick with frosting sugar; add the yolk of an egg to color the frosting yellow. Flavor with lemon.

IMPORTANCE OF GOOD ROADS.

They Add to the Pleasure, Health and Wealth of a Nation.

There is hardly an industry, hardly a function of modern corporate life that is not advanced by the existence of improved highways, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Progress, comfort, health, wealth and convenience alike demand them. The strength wasted in pulling loads of hay, grain or any merchandise across such roads as are now in use is prodigious. Rightly directed this superfluity of effort would build roads where there are now but strips of mud, rubble and dust and would make the journey between towns and villages a pleasure instead of a penalty.

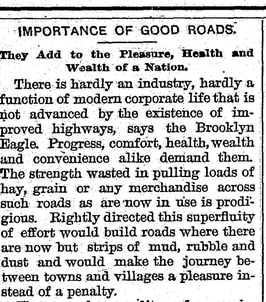
The annual expenditure for repairs and the annual loss from wreck in the impassable roads of winter and spring, in the valleys and on the soggy prairies, are far in excess of any expenditure that it is proposed to make at present for the betterment of the highways. Children are kept at home from school, women are confined to the house in the dreariest seasons of the year, when they most need the relaxation of social life, and men are put to trouble and loss because of the wretched condition of the roads and streets in many sections.

As to any profit in pleasure and health that is derived from smooth, hard roads that one may walk and ride and drive upon, that is out of the question. If one effects the passage of certain country roads at the rate of eight miles in a day and pulls through without becoming caked with mud, his horse exhausted, his carriage racked and fouled, his bones shaken and his temper soured, he has accomplished a marvel.

As a nation we are a little disposed to brag and self confidence. A run through Europe teaches us that we have not a monopoly of all the virtues. The virtue of good roads, which imply commercial facility, improved agriculture, economy of power and time, a cheerier mental state, steadier schooling for the young, freer social intercourse and readier access to the health and pleasure of the country, is one that we need to cultivate with especial promptness and industry.

Purses and Bags.

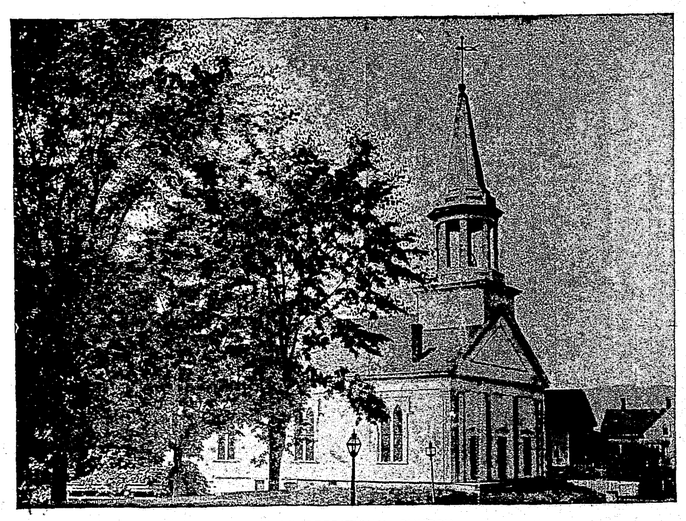
The shops are full of convenient contrivances in way of purses and bags for women shoppers and women who ride a bicycle. No woman will be fully equipped without one of these useful and pretty things. They are made of leather, chosen for its durability rather than beauty, although many of them are very handsome. The New York Herald illustrates several styles. A double pocket,



FOR SHOPPERS AND CYCLERS.

made with strap long enough to slip through the belt and having one bag higher than the other, is a most convenient one, as the smaller is used as a change purse, the other for handkerchief, cards, keys and other small necessities. Morocco, calfskin, alligator and monkey skins are fashionable just at present, the latter skin being very much the rage for bags, and is very handsome. A monkey skin bag, silver mounted, with a watch in one end, will cost $8 or $10. Others may be bought for prices which vary from $2.50 to $5.

Gold is a potentate, a mighty power;
It builds, destroys and buys to fill the hour
All things save two—true love is never sold,
And happiness cannot be bought for gold.
—H. L. Frisbie.



FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Graduating and confirmation gowns have much in common. The fundamental keynote to both is simplicity. The dry goods shops are now displaying these gowns ready made. The most desirable are naturally beyond the reach of the average purse. Considering the dressmaker's bill, the average price

GRADUATING GOWNS.

ready made gown is cheaper than can be had by purchasing the goods and hiring a seamstress. But if the mother is her own dressmaker, it is possible to secure a desirable gown at the mere cost of materials and trimmings.

The parasol plays an important part in the summer wardrobe, and fashion decrees this season that parasols match the costume or at least harmonize with it. Dresden silk is the favorite material for coverings of parasols this year. Parasols of lace and chiffon, so much used last year, are equally fashionable now. Carved and knotted woods are among the newer handles, and are more serviceable than those made of pearl. Silver is much used, highly polished, oxidized or combined with other material.

Among the very expensive handles are those with dresden china figures, surmounted with French gilt. Carved handles of pearl, tortoise shell or coral are seen on parasols of tulle and lace.

GOOD ROADS IN DEMAND.

Well Graded and Well Kept Highways Are a Necessity For All Vehicles.

Now that winter is over and out of door business and pleasure are beginning, the subject of good roads comes up as one of the most important items in the outlook of the immediate future, says the New York Ledger. The wheel has multiplied—one might almost say incubated—during the winter, and the result is a brood as plentiful as the sparrows. This means an enormous constituency with one voice, and that voice is —good roads.

The country thoroughfare is the wheelman's paradise provided the roads are tolerable, but crossroads and all except main highways are practically impassable for this form of locomotion.

But this state of things is likely to end as the wheel comes into more general use. A special track for bicycles would be an expense that would scarcely be warranted in sparsely settled country districts, but the well graded, well kept wagon track is a necessity, not only for bicycles, but for vehicles of all kinds.

For many years there has been a very strong desire for a betterment of the public highways of this country, but nothing has come up which gave such promise of the fulfillment of this desire as the bicycle. Wagons and horses can get over bad roads, but the bicycle must have at least a tolerably smooth surface in order to be a success. It is reasonable to expect that as the law of supply and demand obtains everywhere, the sentiment of the public will not appeal in vain for good roads.

SEED PEAS AND GARDEN SEED OF ALL KINDS in bulk,

Also a full line of

FISHING TACKLE

At

HAPGOOD'S

LOWER MAIN ST.,

BETHEL - MAINE.

Do You Use Fertilizer?

I Have.....

CROCKER'S HONEST FERTILIZERS,

Which are the best on the market.

Shingles, Lathes, Clapboards, Joists and Spruce, Pine and Hemlock Boards

.....Always on Hand.....

I also have a few COWS, SHOATS AND PIGS FOR SALE.

F. L. EDWARDS,

BETHEL, ME.

LIFE, FIRE & ACCIDENT Insurance

placed in reliable companies.

Rates as low as can be made anywhere by

Safe and Square Dealing Companies.

ALL LOSSES Promptly Settled!

Call on or address,

S. N. BUCK,

CROSS BLOCK.

BETHEL, - MAINE.

Dr. Samuel Richards,

South Paris,

is the leading optician in his section of the state. He is sixty-one years old, and learned his trade of Simeon Walton, the famous optican of Oxford County, Me., who learned the business of Oliver Gerrish, the first optician of Portland, Me.

Some four years ago Dr. Richards entered our Correspondence Department and has the honor of being the first graduate in this department. He writes: "I had about thirty-five years practice in the old fashioned way of fitting glasses before taking your College Course, but have been more successful since then, and consider the fee paid you is well invested. I now have no trouble in fitting glasses for myopia, hypermetropia and astigmatism.

Dr. Richards is a fine type of a courteous gentleman, and is conscientious and skillful optician. He enjoys the esteem and respect of his neighbors, controls the optical trade of his community and attracts patients from a large section of the country, and never fails to give unlimited satisfaction.

Dr. Richaids is a well-read man and keeps abreast of every advance in optics. He is a close and constant student, and as a mark of esteem for his attainments the College has recently conferred on him the honorary degree of "Doctor of Refraction."

He is a great admirer of our Correspondence Course, and will give his opinion to anyone who writes for it.

DR. C. H. BROWN, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.
Extract from the Keystone of October 1893: a Journal devoted to the interist of the retail Jewelry trade.

YOU CAN NOT

do better than to buy your

GROCERIES, FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY, CANNED GOODS, TOBACCO, CIGARS, ETC.

Of R. E. L. Farwell,

72 MAIN ST., BETHEL, MAINE.

Best Prices Paid for Eggs in Exchange for Goods.

Without Doubt

the best place to buy

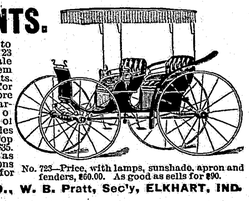
MEN'S, WOMEN'S & CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR AND FOOTWEAR

—IS AT—

G. P. BEAN'S.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS.

No. 164—Surrey Harness, Price $14.50. As good as sells for $20.



No. 723—Price, with lamps, sunshade, apron and fenders, $60.00. As good as sells for $90.

but have sold direct to the consumer for 23 years, at wholesale prices, saving them the dealers' profits. Ship anywhere for examination before sale. Everything warranted. 100 styles of Carriages, 90 styles of Harness, 41 styles Riding Saddles. Top Buggies as low as $25. Phaetons as low as $55. Spring Wagons $31 to $50. Send for large catalogue

ELKHART CARRIAGE & HARNESS MFG. CO., W. B. Pratt, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.

25-20 REPEATER

THE LATEST REPEATER MARLIN

The ONLY 25 Calibre Repeater on the market.

Made in all lengths and styles, regular and TAKE DOWN.

Model 1893, using the .32-40 and .38-55 is the strongest and best repeater made.

TAKE DOWNS in all calibres.

MODEL 1894 ready, In .32-20, .38-40, 44-40 and 25-20.

Write for catalogues to THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

Use MARLIN RUST REPELLER to preserve guns and all metal work, 15 cents per tube.

Send fifteen cents in stamps and we will mail you a pack of highest quality playing cards, special designs.

N. F. BROWN AND OTHERS.

On account of limited time we were not able to procure cuts for all of our business men, but we do not wish to leave anyone out of this issue. Mr. N. F. Brown does a good hardware business on Main street; he carries a good stock of goods, and sells a great number of stoves, ranges, etc.

A. C. Frost does horse shoeing and blacksmithing on High street. Mr. Frost is a good horse shoer, and does a thriving business with horsemen.

W. D. Hastings runs a blacksmith shop on Vernon street; he does a general blacksmithing business and is a skillful workman.

The barbers of the village are L. A. Hall and H. B. Perkins; they are both good workmen.

E. S. Kilborn deals in wood, lumber, etc.

Milk is furnished by Wm. Farwell and F. L. Edwards. Mr. Edwards also deals in wood, lumber, shingles, etc.

A. W. Green is the manager at the butter factory, and is doing a good business.

S. L. Hall deals in drugs and medicines, and has been in the business for thirty-five years or more.

The Lovejoys run both hotels, and expect a good run the coming season. Both houses are now full.

E. B. Goddard is undertaker and dealer in furniture, etc.

Goddard Brothers also handle funereal goods, and deal in picture frames, etc.

F. C. Bartlett runs a blacksmith and carriage shop.

J. P. Skillings is doing a good business manufacturing spools.

J. S. Hodgdon is proprietor of a novelty turning establishment and birch mill.

D. D. Matheson has a meat market on Church street and is working up a good trade.

A. R. Haines runs a livery stable on Mechanic street; he keeps a number of horses, and drives the stage to Upton three times a week during the summer.

John Chapman is proprietor of the skating rink, which has been kept open for the past six months.

Mr. Lawrence does watch and clock repairing on Main street.

The medical profession is represented by Dr. Morton, Dr. Twaddle, Dr. Hill, Dr. Gehring, and Dr. Tuell, dentist.

Augusta, June 6th, 1896.

Mr. A. S. Twitchell, Gorham, N. H.

My dear Mr. Twitchell:—

Will you please accept my sincerest thanks for your kindness in inviting me to be present at the Centennial celebration to be held in Bethel, June 10th. I regret more than any words of mine can express, my inability to accept your invitation. I am one of the Trustees of the State Normal schools of Maine. The anniversary exercises of the Farmington State Normal school will be held on the date named above, and it is part of my official duty to be present and assist in the examination of the several classes. I know that this explanation will be sufficient to assure you that if it were an appointment that could be changed or waived, I should be very glad to do so. The unfortunate thing for me is found in the fact that so many in Maine seem to have been born in June, my busiest month. My previous visits at Bethel have been exceedingly pleasant and encouraging to me. It is one of the places in the state where I find the original Yankee in all his native strength and glory. I have great faith in the future of Maine, because I have great faith in its original stock. I believe that we have been able to send to the great empires of the West, men and women in such numbers as to make their development and progress possible, because we have had in the State of Maine a class of men and women who have believed in the best things and sought in every way possible not only to make the most of the best in them, but to assist others to do the same.

Again thanking you for your courtesy and kindness, I am,

Most sincerely,

W. W. Stetson.

Washington, D. C., June 4, 1896.

Hon. E. W. Woodbury, Esq.,

Bethel, Maine.

Dear Sir:—

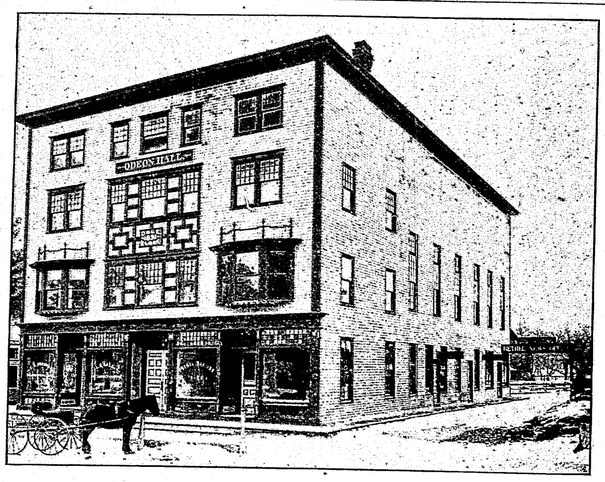
I regret exceedingly that owing to delay in adjournment of Congress, I shall be unable to be present at the Bethel Celebration, June 10th. I had confidently expected to be present, and would have greatly enjoyed participating in the exercises, but public duties prevent. I trust the occasion may prove one of great pleasure and profit.

Yours truly,

N. Dingley, Jr.

Pennsylvania Wide Tire Law.

The attorney general of Pennsylvania gave the following opinion as to one of the provisions of the wide tire act: "The evident purpose of this legislation was to prevent as far as possible the use of narrow tires and wagons upon which heavy loads were carried and to encourage the use of wide tires to the end that the roads should be injured as little as possible." He is of the opinion, however, that a farmer whose draft wagons carrying 2,000 pounds or more and who has them equipped with four inch tires and uses no wagon with a narrower tire for the purpose of carrying 2,000 pounds or more brings himself within the provisions of this act and is entitled to the rebate of one-fourth of the assessed highway tax.



COLE BLOCK, IN WHICH THE NEWS OFFICE IS LOCATED.

DR. ROBERT G. WILEY.

Dr. Wiley is probably the oldest practicing physician in the state of Maine. For more than sixty years he has administered to the sick and dying of Bethel, and for more than sixty years has he faithfully performed all the duties of his profession. In the early days the Doctor on horseback could be seen with his saddle bags behind him, wending his way into the back districts, devoted to his profession; looking after the rich and poor alike. He never engaged in public matters, preferring to attend strictly to the work of his profession. The Doctor has for a great many years lived on a pleasant spot about one mile from the village. October 17th, 1835, he was married to Miss Abigial B. Twitchell.

FRED FARWELL.

Fred Farwell was born in Bethel, Jan. 4, 1875, and has always lived here. He received his education in the public schools and at Gould's Academy. In 1888 he began by canvassing for name cards, then for rubber stamps. In 1892 he purchased a small vulcanizer and began to manufacture them, and in 1893 he purchased a still larger and more modern vulcanizer and a large amount of type, cuts and stock, and finished off rooms in the front of his father's residence on Railroad Street, where he is now located.

He can now compete with any manufacturer, and has furnished his goods to many large manufacturers all over Maine, New Hampshire and a part of Mass. He carries a large stock of ink pads, ink, date printers, Chicago check perforators, stencils, sign printers, solid rubber type, linen markers, and printing outfits, and can furnish at short notice every variety of German silver badges, door plates, seals, steel stamps and brass dies engraved in any desired style.

He is also agent for the Whitehead & Hoag Co., of Newark, N. J., manufacturer of silk ribbon badges for parades, secret societies, etc.

In the summer he is away a great deal, and his brother H. Merton, attends to the business.

BETHEL'S OLDEST PEOPLE.

Mrs. Hannah Stearns, born June 28th, 1805.

Andrew Twitchell, born Dec. 21, 1803.

Mr. Robert G. Wiley, born Nov. 7th, 1807.

Alfred Twitchell, born June 25, 1814.

Mrs. Almira Needham, born in 1809.

Sylvester Robertson, born Nov. 3rd, 1814.

Stephen Packard, born Feb. 7th, 1818.

Henry Goodnoe is 82 years old, and Edmond Maines, 84.

Mrs. Frances Twitchell of Portland, is with her sister, Mrs. Enoch Foster.

CHARLES C. FARWELL was born in Bethel, August 12, 1847. He lived on a farm untill he was 24 years old, when he commenced to work on the railroad as trackman under J. Dudley. 14 years ago he was promoted to foreman, which position he has held ever since.

Avon, Mass., June 1, 1896

Friend Barker,

Dear Sir:—

I send you many thanks for your invitation to visit my native town at its Centennial anniversary on June 10th, 1896. I often think of the good old town of Bethel, situated among the hills on the Androscoggin river, and all the friends there; let me say I love its rocks and hills and vales, the place where I spent the best of my life. I find wherever I go, Bethel is quite a noted town; one man told me not long ago, that it was the most pleasant village he was ever in. We all think well of our native town, but the thought comes to my mind, where are the friends that I used to meet some sixty or seventy years ago? They have, the most of them, "crossed the river,' and as I am in my eightieth year I shall soon follow them. I don't expect the town is any better for my living in it, still I tried to do what little I could in my small way for the advancement of temperance, morality and Christianity. My prayer is that God will bless the town and all the people living in it. I should very much like meet with you on June 10th, but my health is poor. I have been slim all the spring, so do not think I can be there.

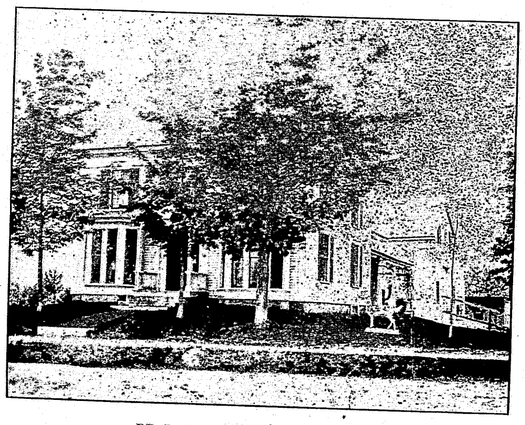
Respectfully yours,

M. S. Kimball.

DR. J. A. TWADDLE.

Dr. Twaddle is the son of John Twaddle, who was born in Glasgow, Scotland.

The Doctor was born in Weld, Maine, August 14, 1859, graduated in medicine, and came here and began to practice. He married Harriet L. Brown of this place May 1st, 1878, and they have three children. He has been a successful physician, and has a large practice. He is fond of horses, and usually has some pretty good ones. Has been active in politics, and has been on the school board. He has taken an active part in Riverside Park Association, and in all public matters has been an enthusiastic worker.



DR. J. A. TWADDLE'S RESIDENCE.

FRED I. FARWELL.

THE TATTLER.

Mrs. Lee Villard Hill, who is going to Cuba to care for sick and wounded insurgents, is a cousin of General Fitz Hugh Lee.

Mrs. Jane Robertson, who has just died at St. Hyacinthe, Que., at the age of 79 years, was a cousin of Longfellow and of Noah Webster.

Mrs. Mary L. Foote, who was recently elected the police justice of Gaylord, Kan., ran against her husband and defeated him by a large majority.

Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt's favorite color is forgetmenot blue, and when she is not in mourning it is always displayed in some part of her costume.

Lilian Bell, the writer, of Chicago is not only young, but she is pretty. She is tall and slender, with dark eyes and hair. She is quite as widely and favorably known in social as in literary circles.

The wife of Senator Elect Foraker of Ohio and her three daughters are enthusiasts on the bicycle. They will take their wheels with them to Washington when the senator's official term begins.

Mrs. Cleveland, wife of ex-secretary of state, is already weary of Washington life and says she will be glad to return to her Massachusetts home at the expiration of her husband's career in the cabinet.

Mrs. Thomas C. Platt belongs to the great army of amateur photographers. When she leaves the city for the summer, her camera goes with her. It is as necessary to her pleasure as the bicycle is to the wheelwoman.

Mrs. E. C. Storey, the widow of Wilbur F. Storey, who died in Chicago recently, was the daughter of the late Benjamin Bissell of Poughkeepsie. After the death of Mr. Storey she had charge of the Chicago Times for a time.

Some time ago the supreme court of Ohio decided that Miss Nellie G. Robinson, a lawyer of Cincinnati, could not be appointed a notary public. She has now applied to the supreme court of the United States for a decision on the question, and the case will be considered by Justice Harlan.

Mrs. Richard Henry Savage, whose husband first rose to fame in the literary world as the author of "My Official Wife," is a very blond woman, with an extremely pretty face, but a figure which is a little overplump. She dresses rather elaborately, and, though an American, speaks with an odd little foreign accent.

Lady Sophie Cadogan, the daughter of the Irish vicaroy, is the constant companion of her brilliant mother, who dispenses the hospitality of the Dublin castle so well. Lady Sophie is not a blond like her mother. Her type of beauty combines an exquisitely fair complexion and clear cut features with dark hair and eyes. She is noted for her gracefulness.

Chicago papers deplore the waste of water in that city. Has some one been pouring water on the Chicago river?—New York Press.

Brooklyn's joy at becoming part of Greater New York is about equal to that of a toad that has been swallowed by a snake.—Chicago News.

It now seems pretty certain that within two years the new world will have the second largest city of the world, not counting what Chicago may do meanwhile.—Detroit News.

We do not credit the reports that an expedition is being organized to look for Dr. Nansen in the frozen fastnesses of the northern portion of Greater New York.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Greater New York law will not go into effect until Jan. 1, 1897. In the meantime it will be possible for Chicago to get out two or three city directories, and there's no telling what may happen.—Cleveland Press.

If Chicago could induce her people to be good and not kill each other so rapidly, the increase of her population would soon greater.—New York or Chicago.—Manteno (Ills.) Independent.

JEWELRY CONCEITS.

The most popular way of setting the opal is in finger rings and necklaces.

To wear on full dress occasions are long strings of pearls perfectly matched as to size.

Lorgnette chains have taken on a new lease of life, and are now utilized for fancy purses.

Garters designed as gifts to June brides are severely simple. The buckles are of plain gold enriched with jewels, pearls being the favorite.

The gate purses are no longer a novelty, but continue to please, especially when made of silver gilt and attached to a long slender chain of gold.

Jeweled effects are more and more in evidence, as the season advances, on dresses and hats, which are enriched with trimmings richly studded with gems or semi-precious stones.—Jewelers' Circular.

The Course of Traffic.

Maurice Thompson, the poet and naturalist of Crawfordsville, Ind., says: "A successful business man said to me, 'All good roads run down hill,' by which he meant that traffic flowed like water along a pleasant highway. Show me a flourishing town and I will prove to you that it is a basin into which good highways pour their streams. I know that this is true in Indiana. There is not a genuinely flourishing town within our state which is fed by ill kept roads. Mud colors whatever it comes in touch with, even the temper and aspirations of men and women. Who can keep in a good humor with clay on his feet?"

Durable Road Metal.

The great popularity of the Peachtree road, over whose length chert has but recently been laid, shows nothing more plainly than that there ought to be constructed out of Atlanta and out through the county more roads of the same character. If every principal road throughout the county were as hard, as smooth, as elegant and as durable as the Peachtree road, it would make a sort of paradise of this county.—Altanta Journal.

Road Philosophy.

The good road town catches the farmer's trade.

Good roads are the most economical of all luxuries.

It is lots easier to make a good road than it is to use a poor one.

A country road should be something more than a weedy strip of land between two farms.

Increased trade will be brought to the merchants of any town who will improve the highways leading thereto.

DR. R. G. WILEY.

Good Advice.

Your shelves and counters you may load
With best of merchandise,
But, merchants, trade will never come
Unless you advertise.

—Printers' Ink.

THE RIVALS.

Ta-ta, Chicago! We couldn't wait for you to catch up.—New York Evening World.

That

Extreme tired feeling afflicts nearly everybody at this season. The hustlers cease to push, the tireless grow weary, the energetic become enervated. You know just what we mean. Some men and women endeavor temporarily to overcome that

Tired

Feeling by great force of will. But this is unsafe, as it pulls powerfully upon the nervous system, which will not long stand such strain. Too many people "work on their nerves," and the result is seen in unfortunate wrecks marked "nervous prostration," in every direction. That tired

Feel-

ing is a positive proof of thin, weak, impure blood; for, if the blood is rich, red, vitalized and vigorous, it imparts life and energy to every nerve, organ and tissue of the body. The necessity of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is, therefore, apparent to every one, and the good it will do you is equally beyond question. Remember that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

L. C. HALL

DEALER IN

ARTISTS' MATERIALS FOR

Oil and China Painting.

Sketch Books, Drawing Paper, Studies, Novelties for Decorating also

A choice Line of . . .

STATIONERY,

Ladies' Toilet Articles and

FANCY GOODS

Picture Frames, Fancy Baskets, Plain & Crepe Tissue Papers, Celluloid, &c.

Toys at all Prices.

Hand Decorated China for Holiday, Wedding & Birthday Gifts.

CENTENNNIAL

SOUVENIRS. '78

ST. VITUS DANCE.

A Physician Prescribes Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.:

My daughter Mattie, aged 14, was afflicted last spring with St. Vitus dance and nervousness, her entire right side was numb and nearly paralyzed. We consulted a physician and he prescribed Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. She took three bottles before we saw any certain signs of improvement, but after that she began to improve very fast and I now think she is entirely cured. She has taken nine bottles of the Nervine, but no other medicine of any kind.

Knox, Ind., Jan. 5, '95. H. W. HOSTETTER.

Physicians prescribe Dr. Miles' Remedies because they are known to be the result of the long practice and experience of one of the brightest, members of their profession, and are carefully compounded by experienced chemists, in exact accordance with Dr. Miles' prescriptions, as used in his practice.

On sale at all druggists. Write for Dr. Miles' Book on the Heart and Nerves. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Remedies Restore Health.

G. R. WILEY,

Registered Pharmacist.

DRUGS, MEDICINES

Paints, Oils, Varnishes and Brushes. Agent for Longman & Martinez's Mixed Paints and English Tinted Floor Paint and Finish. One of the largest assortments of Paper Hangings in the County. Curtains and Fixtures. Books, Stationery and School Supplies. Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, Perfumes, Fine Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars, Fishing Tackle, Base Ball and Tennis Goods, Croquet Sets, Hammocks, Etc., Etc.

VICTOR VIOLET,

A New and Exquisite Perfume.

Violet & Florida Waters,

Pure Almond Meal, Saunders & LeBlanche Face Powders,

AT HALL'S DRUG STORE.

FOR SALE.

A Lot of

BIRCH SLABS AND EDGINGS

at Hodgdon's Mill.

Enquire of L. L. Mason, or J. N. Hodgden, Bethel, Me. 2-6*

THE Chicago Check Perforator.

STAR SEAL PRESS.
U S DATE PRINTER.
GEM SELF INKERS.
WOODRUFF PADS.
JUMBO INDELIBLE PAD.
SUPERIOR RUBBER TYPE.
EASY SIGN PRINTER
VICTOR BARD DATER
RUBBER STAMP INK

SOLD BY

FRED I. FARWELL,

and every variety of

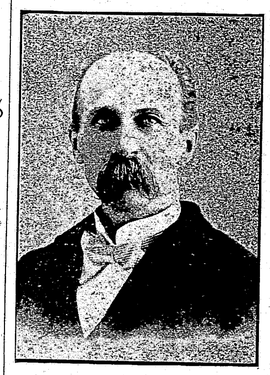
Rubber Stamps.

MANUFACTURED BY

FRED I. FARWELL.

BETHEL, ME.

H. M. Farwell, Manager.



C. A. BURNHAM.

MANAGER OF

BURNHAM & BARNEY'S ORCHESTRA,

BERLIN, N. H.

First class, up-to-date music furnished for all occasions.

1796. CENTENNIAL 1896.

B-A-L-L

AT THE

RIALTO,

Bethel, June 10

FLOOR DIRECTORS:

J. C. Billings, E. H. Young, S. N. Buck, T. F. Hastings.

MUSIC:

Burnham & Barney's Orchestra, 9 pieces

DANCE TICKETS,

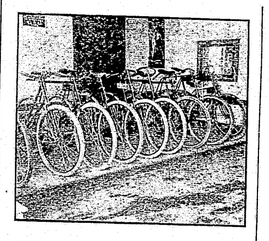
- - - 75 CENTS.

Spectators, 25c.

This ball will be the event of a life time. Everybody and their friends will be there.

The Rialto is 50x86 ft. Room for all.

Refreshments served in the building.



INTERIOR OF ALLEN'S BICYCLE ROOMS

Uncle Eben's Philosophy.

"Doan' cross er bridge till yoh gits ter it," said Uncle Eben, "but at de same time doan' s down an s'pose dat de bridge is gwinter be dah waitin foh yoh ebry time, wheddah yoh superintenden's de building ob it or not."—Washington Star.

Art and Instinct.

There was a young girl of Detroit
Who hunted a mouse for to draw it,
But she never could tell
What it looked like, for—well,
She fainted as soon as she saw it.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The Scorcher.

I met a man with blazing eyes,
Hot drops upon his face,
Upon a quivering bicycle,
Making an awful pace.

With visage grim, he ripped the ground
He rode with lightning speed.
Furiously he rode away,
Nor stick nor stay did heed.

Such tight set teeth, and bursting veins,
And brow at fever heat,
The wondering people stood aghast
As he tore up the street.

Soon he commenced to gather speed.
His pedals flew around.
His wheel that flew at such a pace
Seemed scarce to touch the ground.

I gazed again. A smoke arose.
His tire was scorching hot.
His rattling chain began to melt.
His clothes on fire caught.

His front wheel settled to a pool
Of melted rubber and steel.
The handle bar was scorching hot.
The hind part left the wheel.

Then all that I could see was left
Was him upon the seat.
And still he plowed the summer air,
But never touched the street.

The last I saw of that poor man
Was one grand burst of flame.
The moral is—look at his case
And do not do the same.

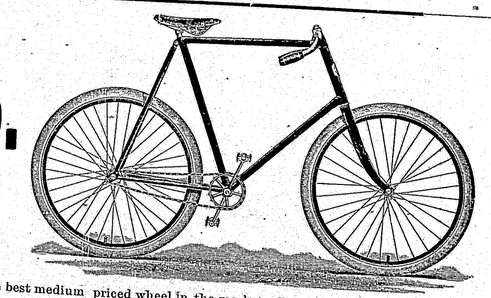
$100. $100.

REMINGTON BICYCLES

ARE AS GOOD AS MECHANICAL SKILL CAN PRODUCE.

ECLIPSE BICYCLES

Have Green Rims. You should see that double Fork!



$75. $75.

The ENVOY is the best medium priced wheel in the market. I can sell you a wheel at any price, from $35. to $100.

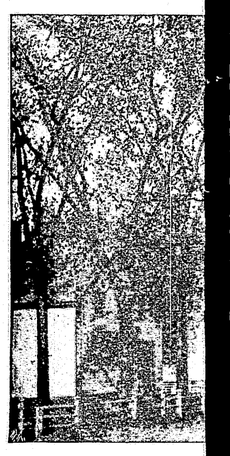
My wheels are second to none in the State of Maine. Call and examine my stock before buying, I can save you money.

A full line of Sundries and a repair shop in good condition. Bring in your old wheel and exchange it for a new one.

S. N. Buck, CROSS BLOCK, Bethel, Me.

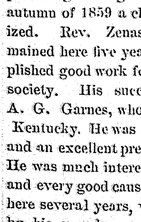
INTERVALE VIEW F.

The residence of the late Holt, now owned and mana his son-in-law, Mr. Porter H is very pleasantly situated Bethel, about one mile fro office, store, stage route, e has a beautiful view of the acres of intervale land on level, stretching away acre Androscoggin river to the hi mountains beyond, and a the attention and admiratio passers by. Mr. Farwell ha many additions and improv



CHURCHES.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.



THE history town, show were those who could reconcile o monize the i the Fatherh God and Brotherhoo man, with the thought of misery. It was considered by to be a contradiction of terms violation of logical thought. though the few who were the st ers of the liberal faith were a of having "over much confid they were supported in their with the feeling that nothin ever too good to be true The not enough of them to effe organization or to support a pr of their own way of thinking, for many years they attende meetings of other denominatio listened to their exposition word, under mental protest. believed in going to church, and ing their children up to go As long as they could not ge they wanted, they accommodate selves to circumstances. A passed, the doctrine which people cherished, became known, and ministers of this d nation were multiplied. Occ ally one came to Bethel and service in the school house. the early preachers there are re the names of Rev. George Rev. Zenas Thompson and Thomas J. Tenney. In 1847 Twitchell, grandson of the first settler, incorporated th Universalist society of the to Bethel. Mr. Twitchell was su ed by seven others. In th 1853 a church was erected at a pense of something over two th dollars, and the Rev. Zenas T son was chosen pstor. He c upon his duties in June 1854. his ministration the society sus preaching through the year, a autumn of 1859 a church was ized. Rev. Zenas Thompso mained here five years, and plished good work for the chur society. His successor was A. G. Garnes, who was a nati Kentucky. He was a scholarly and an excellent preacher and p He was much interested in edu and every good cause. He re here several years, was greatly by his people, and respecte everyone. The blameless life